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NEWSPAPER

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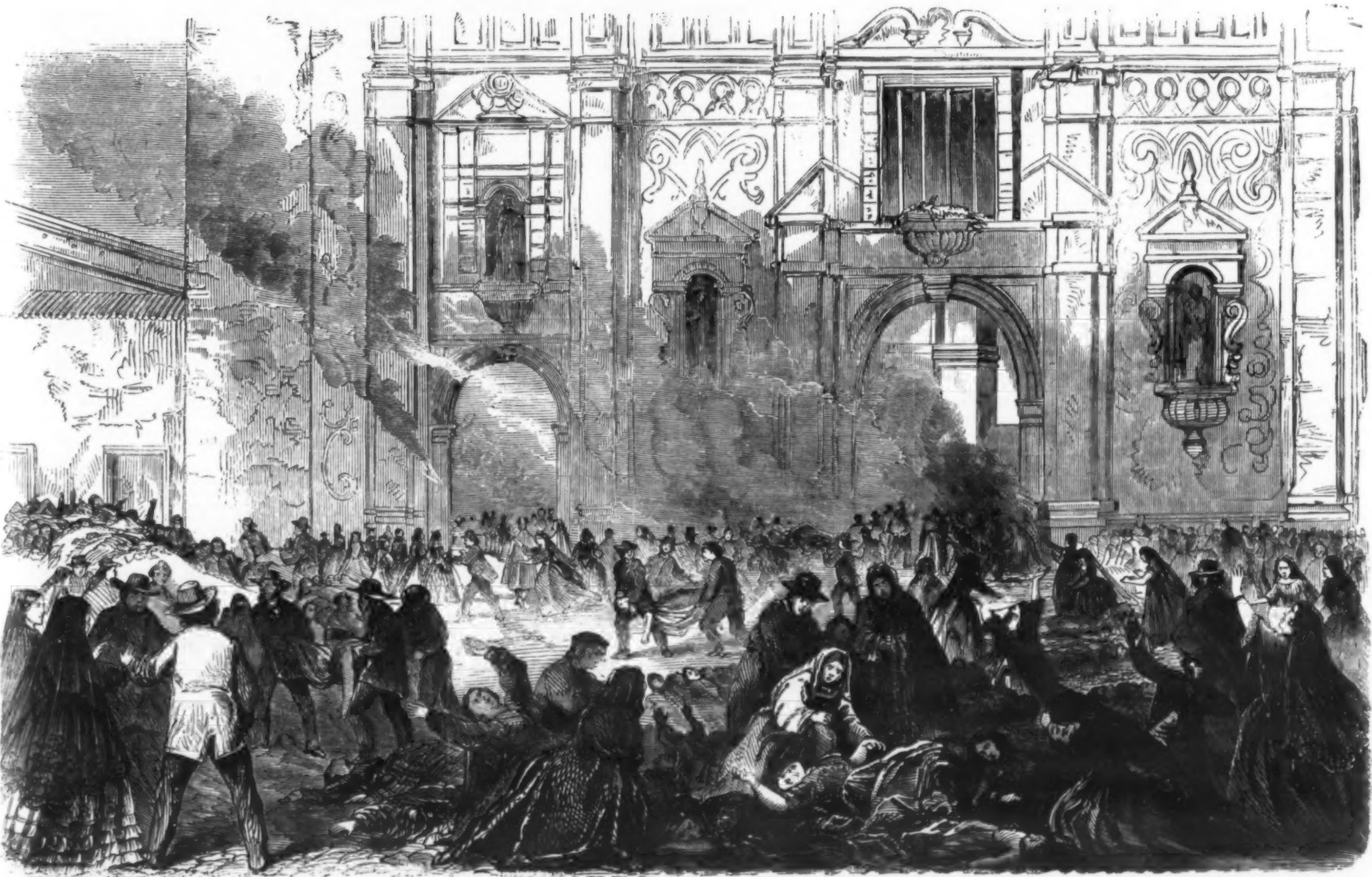
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THE CATASTROPHE AT SANTIAGO—REMOVING THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD TO THE CEMETERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.



THE CATASTROPHE AT SANTIAGO DE CHILE—THE SEARCH FOR MISSING.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.

Pierpoint and E. D. Webster of the State Department were the members, on giving his parole not to in any way aid the rebellion.

— Grace Greenwood, in her lecture at Chicago in aid of the Old Ladies' Home, related the following incident: "She remembered riding in a carriage by the borders of the Mediterranean, with an inmate friend by her side. They talked of the ancient heroes of Rome. In this connection her friend spoke of her own brave boy who was receiving his education in Switzerland, and who, she said, was the light of her eyes. She knew that he would grow up with every advantage and have plenty of friends. With more than Roman virtue, she hoped he would devote himself to the service of his country and to freedom. Since that time she had only thought of that conversation, for the young man referred to was Col. R. G. Shaw, one of the heroes of Fort Wagner."

— Mr. McElrath, who retired from the *Tribune* newspaper in 1857, has returned to the position he then held in it.

Obituary.—Mr. John M. Elliott, 80 years of age, and for 50 years a printer in New York, died Jan. 21 at his residence, No. 154 Grand street, Jersey city. Deceased was the only survivor of the celebrated Miranda expedition of 1805.

— Stephen C. Foster, the author of innumerable negro melodies from the very commencement of minstrel business, died at Pittsburg on Jan. 19. His funeral was celebrated on Thursday, and he was laid in the grave while a band was playing his "Old Folks at Home," and "Come Where my Love Lies Dreaming." If the hundreds of singers who have profited by his compositions entertain proper regard for his memory, they will doubtless manifest it by the construction of a fitting monument.

— S. A. French, chief engineer of Jersey city, died on the 18th of January.

Accidents and Offences.—The trial of John R. Holmes for the murder of Policeman Gourley, nearly ten years ago, was concluded in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Leonard, on Jan. 20, and resulted in the prisoner being convicted of manslaughter in the fourth degree.

— G. Jones (Count Joanne), who some years ago was a small actor in the Bowery, was convicted on Jan. 22, at Boston, of being a "common barrator," in other words, a promoter of strife and causeless litigation.

— Henry Cadwell, a recruiting agent of New Britain, Conn., was found brutally murdered on Jan. 18, about half a mile east of that village. His skull was knocked in, a large hole being made in the side of his head. It is supposed that he was murdered on Saturday night. He had \$200 in cash with him, of which he was robbed; but a gold watch and pin were left on his person. Prints in the snow showed that there had been a scuffle, and that two men made the attack.

— The Hon. S. P. Barter, of the Kentucky Senate, was burned to death at Frankfort, Ky., on Jan. 21. His clothes caught fire, and as he was too weak, from long sickness, to save himself, he died before assistance could reach him.

— Felix Gill, of Spruce street, Philadelphia, has been arrested on the charge of murdering his wife. It appears that a legacy of \$30,000 was recently left him, and a payment, in advance, of \$3,000 was made thereof. This money he handed to his wife, and used to be supplied by her with what he required. Becoming very dissipated upon the strength of his good fortune, he became an associate with the most abandoned characters, and wound up his career of crime by murdering his wife, to whom he had, while most intoxicated, applied for money. The woman, whose blood was spattered over almost every part of the house, the furniture of which was broken to pieces, must have struggled long and desperately against her fate. She was beaten to death with a poker.

Foreign.—An English hairdresser has had the ceiling of his establishment fitted with an iron spindle with three wheels carrying India rubber bands. Circular brushes are put thereon, a wheel set them spinning, and the customers being placed underneath, have their pates polished by machinery.

— Dr. Linton, of Verviers, France, cures varicose veins with compresses dipped in a solution of perchloride of iron—from 8 to 16 grammes, to half a pound of water.

— Coal mines, 150 miles square in area, have been discovered in Brazil. The coal is bituminous, and generally as good as the best English.

— Peking, China, has the oldest newspaper in the world. It has been published for 1,000 years, and is printed on a large sheet of silk.

— A Frenchman has invented a way of pulverizing slate, and then mixing it with some substance by which it is converted into a very hard and durable material for building purposes.

— John Pringle, Nelson's coxswain on board the *Victory*, died lately, aged 103 years.

— Lyons has not always lace. A lady recently bought some beautifully embroidered articles, but unfortunately the pattern was made of a sort of paste, and melted off at the first washing.

— A new London daily newspaper is in process of publication. The capital is said to be immense. It is to advocate broad Liberal principles.

Art, Science and Literature.—The *Herald* says that the finest picture stolen from the houses of the Louisiana planters are now being hawked about the market by Wall street brokers, who have got them for a mere song.

Chit-Chat.—A London optician has invented a "soul" hand, which appears on a sheet of canvas, writes words, &c. It cannot be taken hold of, nor can the writing be rubbed out by material agency.

— Land in the Poultry, a street in the centre of the city of London, is worth a million and a half pounds sterling an acre.

— A Northern English rector used to think it polite not to begin service before the arrival of the squire. A little while ago he forgot his manners, and began, "When the wicked man—" "Stop, sir," called out the clerk, "He ain't come yet."

— French photographers have invented a method of making statue likenesses with the aid of photography. The process appears to be simple, a mechanical application supplementing the chemical results in the first instance. The sitter is placed in the centre of a circular chamber, lit from above; around the walls of this chamber are placed at equal distances 24 lenses, by means of which he is photographed in every possible view. By a mechanical contrivance of extreme ingenuity three images of the sitter are traced and moulded upon the clay. A short sitting is required, and under the hands of an experienced sculptor, a most faithful likeness is insured, and, it is added, an agreeable work of art.

— The most remarkable change of opinion ever known appears in the *New York World*, of Saturday, 21st of January, where after some remarks upon Gen. McClellan appears these severe words: "It is to be hoped that Judge Russell will visit upon him the severest penalty of the law. In the old days he would now have been dragged through the nearest barroom, but fortunately modern law allows, we believe, the infliction of a fine and imprisonment." Mr. Greeley never went to the length of advocating his being drawn through a horsepond.

— The following letter has been received by the principal of a public school in England, in reply to a circular, asking the opinion of the parents upon the practice of flogging: "Dear Sir—Your flogging circular is duly received. I hope as to my son John you will flog him just as often as you like. He's a bad boy is John. Although I've been in the habit of teaching him myself, it seems to me he will learn nothing—his spelling is especially deficient. Wallup him well, Sir, and you will receive my hearty thanks. Yours, MOSES WALKER. P. S. Was accounts for

John being such a bad scollar is that he's my son by my wife's first husband."

— Louis Napoleon is said to have recently observed: "I always gauge my English popularity by Punch's representations of me. When I am popular he flatters my physique; when I am in bad odor he makes me ugly. He has made me hideous this week. I suppose I am very much out of favor of *la-bas* just now."

— At a recent temperance meeting in Scotland, a convert got up to speak: "My friends," said he, "three months ago I signed the pledge. (Cheers.) In a month afterward, my friends, I had a sovereign in my pocket, a thing I never had before. (Loud cheers.) In another month, my friends, I had a good coat on my back, a thing I never had before. (Cheers much louder.) A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin, because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one." (No cheers.)

"MY STRENGTH IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE."

I KNOW not how, I know not why I live,
When all the light within me's fled
To you bright spot, in flowery vale,
Where rest the blessed dead.

I know not how, I know not why I'm here,
And yet pursue the busy round of life—
Perform the task of each day's toil,
Engage anew in all its varied strife.

I know not how, I know not why I stay,
When dearest ones have passed for ever away;
No glad smile, no tears for me,
No joyous meeting, no merry voice of glee.

I know not how, I know not why it is
My feet still press along the weary way:
As days, and weeks, and months are fleeting on,
Each seem to beckon me away.

I know not how, I know not why to love
Bright flowers, yet blooming on my way,
For they were cherished for the loved ones gone,
Lending a radiance to each passing day.

I know not how, I know not why I try
To struggle up the rugged steep of life;
Battle for right, perform my duty well,
And hasten on, forgetful of the blight.

I do know how, I do know why I live:
The loving hand of Jesus leads me on—
Whispers, "Thou art not afraid;
"I'm with thee in life's busy throng."

I do know how, I do know why I'm here;
Thy loving voice from Calvary's mount is near;
"Patiently run thy race, a little longer wait,
You too shall be within the golden gate."

I do know how, I do know why I bear
The rugged Cross, Thou, on my way, hast given;
For on the Lord the burden I may cast,
And, pressing onward, reach the goal of Heaven!

ROSIN.

By Mary Ashe.

THEY had nerved themselves for the terrible crisis, but now John Lockdale and his wife sat down in the small apartments they had hired, and sought refuge in the long-suppressed tears.

Their story was a common one. He had been early a clerk in a large concern in New York, and by his ability, integrity and business talent had won his way upward, so that at twenty-three he had been taken into the concern as a partner. He had then crowned his happiness by leading to the modest little house which he had hired and furnished, the gentle girl who now sat broken-hearted beside him.

Among the friends whom he had gathered around him was Henry Ushoeffer, a man of talent, full of plans and projects, always in speculations, and never in conversation deferring the moment of his success more than a week, although no one ever knew a project of his of any moment to succeed.

He was dangerous, for he was plausible and really so kind-hearted and well-meaning. Lockdale often laughed at his schemes, but in his indignation at the immense gas bills which the company contrived to make him pay, and the unblinking impudence with which they extorted an average bill from him for a month when he burnt no gas at all, availing that the metre was out of order, he listened favorably to a speculation of Ushoeffer's, for making gas at home at one-half the company's rates. The thing was certain of success. It was worked on a small scale, and the result left no doubt on the mind of either. Ushoeffer needed some machinery and apparatus. The house in Reade street would furnish it on his note, but their rule was an endorser, and for the form of it Lockdale endorsed to the extent of four thousand dollars.

He had not consulted Lucy as to this. It was nothing. Ushoeffer was all right; and she would never be the wiser, and never lose a night's rest, as she surely would do she but know that he had endorsed for all he was worth.

The time for which the note was given soon ran around. Note time is always very short. Ushoeffer could not meet his notes; protest after protest followed. Lockdale had to explain to his partners.

A terrible scene followed; the partnership must end. The books were balanced at once, and the partners liberally paid Lockdale his share, about five thousand dollars; and when he had taken up the dishonored paper, he stood in the street a ruined man. All that he had gained by his years of steady labor was gone; his future was gone; his name as a business man, his character for prudence; in a word, all that goes to make up a good mercantile name was gone.

Gradually he broke it to Lucy. She was shocked and terrified, but, woman-like, with her own heart breaking, sought to console and rouse him.

The furniture of the little house was sold, all but

enough for a couple of rooms, and hiring a floor in as decent a house as he could, Lockdale resolved to join a regiment proceeding to Washington, for it was in 1861. He was fortunate enough to get a commission, which his previous attention to military affairs justified, and putting all that remained of his little capital in bank for his wife, he was now preparing to depart.

They had just sat down in their new home, the last arrangements of which had been at the period when our story opens. The present with its sacrifices, the future with its separation, all contrasted so with the happy past, that both were overcome. As the unfortunate man folded his wife to his bosom in his agony of grief, they were roused by a knock at the outer door. John hastened to open it, but his brow grew dark as his eye fell on Ushoeffer.

"Don't be too severe on me, Lockdale," he said, pleading. "No man could have foreseen the result, and no man could grieve more sincerely than I do for the ruin that I have brought upon you. I will yet make all good, and you shall stand better than you did. To prove to you that I feel deeply, I have had an assignment made to you of the best property that I have. It is no much compared to what I owe you, and I deem it nothing, but as a proof of my sincerity."

He laid the paper on the table, and seeing nothing in Lockdale's face but a look of despair, stammered a word or two more, and escaped as from the presence of an awful judge.

Lockdale and his wife spent their last evening together in talking over their plans, and preparing for their first parting, to be so long and so sad.

The next day she was alone. How eagerly she watched for letters from the captain. They came and came regularly; but after some months there was a break, and the next letter was dated from the hospital. It was full of assurance that his case was not serious; but after a few letters more, he announced that the surgeon thought a furlough necessary for his restoration, and Lucy hastened to meet him, and aid him home. How terribly was she shocked! Her fine, noble, young husband was prostrated, haggard, restless. His whole system had given way, and the surgeons told her that if he did not speedily rally in New York he would never be able to resume active service. His vital powers had given way under his misfortunes. By slow stages they reached home, and Lucy had at least the comfort of ministering to her husband; but even her care and the charms of home did not rally him.

The days of his furlough had nearly expired, his physician gave him no hope of a speedy recovery of strength, his pay had not been forwarded to him and their little fund was nearly exhausted. He resolved to resign his commission, for he was too high-spirited to seek, by renewed furloughs, to remain a charge on the country. His resignation was accepted, and he was now utterly hopeless. Lucy, braver than he, had gone out, after many resolutions and much faltering, to seek employment. Nothing offered but the inevitable needlework, and the scalding tears were falling on the wretched task as she labored steadily at it, out of her husband's sight, though within his reach, when the wild-haired little girl of the house announced a Mr. Robertson to see Mr. Lockdale.

The unknown guest entered, and, approaching the sick man, enabled him to see a gaunt, shrewd-looking fellow, who at once plunged into business.

"Mr. Lockdale, you have a lot of rosin in the Atlantic Docks, and I would like to buy it. If you will take forty dollars a barrel I will take the whole lot."

"Rosin—forty dollars," said Lockdale, hesitatingly.

"Well, I know," said the other, "that rosin has ruled high lately, but there's a mighty heap coming in now from the North State, and that will bring it down. Anyhow, I ought to make a little sunthin' on it."

Lockdale paused, his head swam, but his old business education prevailed, and in a moment he said, in an indifferent tone:

"Since I left the army I have been quite sick here, and am not well posted. Call to-morrow, at twelve, and I will give you an answer."

"Will you not promise me the refusal?"

"No; I should not like to do that," said Lockdale.

The stranger rose, promising to return, and as Lucy closed the door her husband sat up, bewildered.

"What does he mean, Lucy? Rosin at forty dollars a barrel! I have no rosin—never had any."

She, too, looked perplexed, as though some new misery threatened them, and this was part of some plot against them. At last a thought flashed into her mind, and so, with a brightening face, she exclaimed:

"John, what was that paper that Ushoeffer gave you the day before your regiment started?"

The mystery was here, and Lockdale seemed to have new life breathed into him. He sprang from his bed, and, with hands quivering with excitement, endeavored to dress. Lucy at last calmed him, and assisted him, but he was completely exhausted. As she laid him again on his bed to rally, he gasped, rather than spoke:

"Quick! get that paper of Ushoeffer. It is all there, rosin, \$40 a barrel!"

Lucy soon found the paper which had never been opened, and began to read it, but he could not hear the formal parts.

"Is there no list, Lucy?"

"Yes; on the back, there is schedule A. 850 barrels of rosin, at 75 cents, in the Atlantic Docks, 'Barge paid to January 1, 1863.' \$637 50."

"What! Lucy, let me see." And when he was convinced he exclaimed: "Can it have risen from one dollar to forty," and then began to calculate 850 at \$40. "Why, Lucy, that is \$34,000; and is it possible I am worth that? and we thought ourselves paupers. I must go down to town."

Lucy went out and ordered a carriage, and in

constant fear of some great accident from the excitement, she helped him to it, and entered with him. Lockdale ordered the driver to go at once to a large auction house at the foot of Wall street, where he was known.

Here he was received by the senior partner with great kindness and compassion, touched at his altered fortunes. John told his story and asked what rosin was worth.

"Why, my dear sir, I call sell it for you to-day at \$49 a barrel, and would advise you not to hold it. If you wish I will dispose of it for you, and have a cheque for you by three o'clock."

The warehouse order and assignment were handed over, and while Lockdale and his wife drove off to get the refreshment both needed, the rosin was sold for over forty-one thousand dollars.

We need not follow their fortunes. The shock to his system might have proved fatal—it produced a cure. With comforts around him in a cottage in New Jersey, a mind free from harassing anxiety, with his wonderfully acquired little fortune safe in 7.30's, he rapidly gained his health and spirits; and when we were last at Rosina Lodge he was preparing to resume his old position as partner in the house of Sammis, Lodge & Co., putting in ten thousand dollars.

Ushoeffer, to whom he gave three thousand dollars, maintains that he always knew that it would turn out well, and has invested his money in a machine for manufacturing ice.

A CLERICAL GIANT.

ONE hundred years ago, the Rev. Dr. Stoy, of Reading, was generally acknowledged to be the strongest man in Eastern Pennsylvania. If the stories that are told of him are true, his strength must have been truly gigantic. He is said frequently to have lifted a sack of wheat with each hand simultaneously, and then to have jokingly asked the farmers "whether they had chaff in their bags."

Now it happened that, at that time, there lived in Philadelphia a man who claimed to be the pugilistic champion of the province, and who could not brook it that even a clergyman should be reputed to be possessor of greater strength than himself. So he made a trip to Reading, with the express purpose of forcing the strong person to a trial of his physical powers.

Arriving at his destination, he found that the doctor was attending to some pastoral duties in the country, but was soon expected to return. Unable to restrain his impatience, he rode forth to meet him, and soon decried a horseman, who, from the description he had received, could be no other than the clerical giant. Dismounting from his horse, he ordered Stoy to do the same, for "he had come all the way from Philadelphia to give him a thrashing."

Of course, the doctor tried to explain that it would not be consistent with his profession to take part in such an encounter, but the pugilist would take no denial, and the clergyman was at last compelled to dismount.

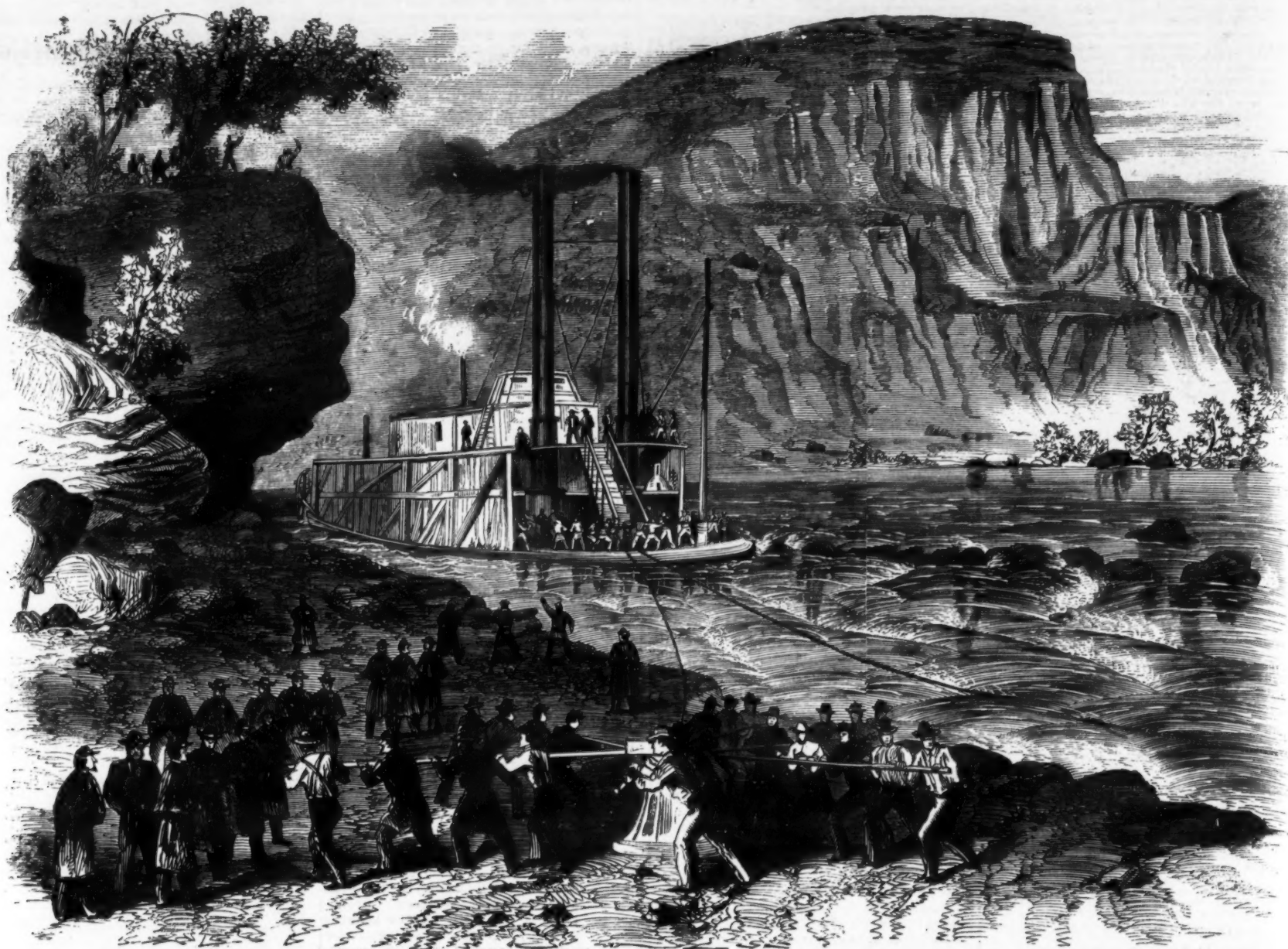
Now, the doctor knew nothing about "the noble art of self-defence," but he was fortunate enough to ward off the first few blows, and then, suddenly closing on his opponent, he seized him by the waistband, and, by sheer physical strength, threw him over the fence into an adjoining field. The champion was perfectly astounded at the feat. He looked up from his grassy resting-place, in that peculiar state that parades both of the nature of laughing and crying, and asked the doctor "whether he would not throw his horse over the fence too!"

Though tradition is silent on the subject, it is not supposed that the horse was sent to keep company with his master; it is certain that the champion returned to the city without being able to boast of possessing greater strength than the Clerical Giant.

DEATH ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

THUS writes an officer fighting in Spain under the Duke of Wellington: "Habit gradually hardens us to such scenes, and death, far from creating serious reflections, is often laughed to scorn. On the evident approach of a general action, we notify its probability to each other by unreflecting remarks such as 'There will be more hats than heads before to-morrow night,' and none of us, even during the action, conduct ourselves with the proper proportion of sober sadness which I have no doubt you excellent people in England suppose natural, and perhaps think necessary in an affair of life and death. I have heard some very free jokes escape under fire; and as hearty a burst of laughter at seeing a bean of an officer covered with dirt or dust from the splash or blow of a cannon ball striking near him, as would take place at any absurd accident in common life. On our advance to Othes, when opposite Sauveterre, waiting for orders, and hardly out of cannon shot of the enemy on the other side the Gave, the officers of the third division amused themselves by leapfrog, and other romping boyish games. I recollect at Fuentes de Honor being goaded on to the superficial skin, if not thrilled to the inmost soul, by an officer of the Adjutant-General's department, well known for his fun, depicting to me, in the following words, the state some of us might possibly be in within the course of a few hours. The truthfulness of the description made it very disagreeable, particularly as, at the moment, the balls from the skirmishers—in evidence of what was coming—were already flying over our heads. 'You will be astonished,' he said, 'to find yourself overturned by a sharp blow on the breast, and on evincing an inclination to rise, being convinced by the total diminution of your strength that some very unpleasant accident has happened to you. Thus satisfied as to your incapacity of movement, you lie quietly on the ground, with certain very unpleasant forebodings in your mind, till one of your friends brings you a surgeon, who, opening your coat, finds you are shot through the lungs, and to satisfy himself (not you) says, 'Spit, spit.' In the attempt your mouth fills with blood—what your medical friend (no longer, alas! your adviser), wishes to ascertain—who, putting a bit of lint on the wound, shrugs up his shoulders, and leaves you to succumb, while he goes to congratulate your juniors on their promotion.'"

DURING the recent stay of the Russian officers in our midst, they desired their legation at Washington to recommend them some excellent dentist in our city. Dr. de Marini, who is well-known in the capital, though now practising here, was named. Our visitors, it is authoritatively stated, were highly pleased with his services. It is not long since N. F. Willis, in a leading article in the *Home Journal*, gave his happy experience of the doctor's operating, and it is not indeed unusual for his patients to fall asleep under his delicate manipulations. This may seem somewhat incredible, but the doctor possesses remarkable lightness of hand and effects difficult operations with ease. His mechanical work is highly artistic, and so true to nature that it is impossible to detect it in its place. Such services may be assumed costly, but, considering his excellence, the doctor's terms are reasonable, and we would speak as well of his conscientiousness as his ability.



STEAMER PAINT ROCK PASSING THE "SUCK" BETWEEN CHATTANOOGA AND BRIDGEPORT.—FROM AN ACCURATE SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.

THE SUCK IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

We give another striking view of Tennessee scenery, the suck between Bridgeport and Chattanooga, with the steamer Paint Rock drawn through the rapids. The current here dashes along at the rate of 80 miles an hour, forming, as the water

boils and foams amid the rocks, a succession of whirls and eddies through which the steamer with a full head of steam can make no progress. Windlasses on shore are manned, and by dint of steam and human muscle the 300 yards are at last accomplished after two or three hours' toil.

Yet this was the best means of communication between Chattanooga and Bridgeport, the base of

supplies, and the Paint Rock, whose ample sleeping accommodations we also portray, the crack boat on the river.

DUVALL'S BLUFF, ARK.

DUVALL'S BLUFF was, prior to the war, a

place almost unheard of, a little post village on the White river, Prairie county, Ark., till a railroad connected it with Helena. This has made it important now. It is the depot of supplies of our army in Arkansas, and the station of a convalescent camp, being well guarded by gunboats. As Price is said to be raising a new army, it may figure in important events.



SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS ON THE PAINT ROCK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE CORNISH MINER UNDER THE SEA.

FITFULLY the tapers shine
In the deep Botallick mine,
Over which there springs no turf—
Over which there moans the surf—
Hoary ocean seems to chide
Rocks and metals that divide
These dark galleries from the tide.

What can the dreams of the miner be
Sixty fathoms under the sea,
As he breaks the copper ore
Two hundred fathoms out from the shore?
What to him do the mad waves say
As they dash their angry spray
Overhead from day to day?

Perhaps of freedom he hears them tell
In their constant flow and their mighty swell,
While his striving heart grows sadder and
sadder
Till he longs to mount from ladder to
ladder—
To leave the sounding sea below,
Never again to downward go
Beneath its proud and taunting flow.

Others mine beneath the sand
Or the emerald turf of their fatherland—
But it is not so with the miner here,
He is under the sea from year to year;
The golden luxury of light
Is a blessed thing to his weary sight,
And the breath of Heaven is his heart's
delight.

Eight hours out of the twenty-four
He buries himself 'neath the ocean's roar,
But the air to him is doubly pure
When he seeks home on the cliff or moor,
Where the golden sunlight has no thrall,
But lovingly rests on the cottage wall,
And the light of day is free to all.

There are happy dreams for such as thee,
Oh, Cornish miner, under the sea!
For the blessings we too little prize
Are living pictures before your eyes—
And the changing hues of the lollie
Are never fairer to any sight
Than your varied dreams of the golden light.

Jonathan Spear's New Year's Eve.

My conscience, how it snowed! Down it came in a regular fleecy cloud, making the whole air white as—well, as white as snow. It was not a half and half sort of snow, a little feathery fall, then a mizzling, drizzling rain for a while, then sleet, then something else, and finally a thaw by way of a finish. It was not one of those kind, but a good old-fashioned snowstorm, in which every drop stuck honestly where it fell, and said, as plainly as snow could speak, "There's going to be sleighing to-morrow!"

It was just after nightfall, and still early, when Jonathan Spear was travelling up Broadway. He did not expect to go sleighing on the morrow, yet nevertheless he was glad to see the snow, for nothing does so add to the enjoyment of the New Year's Day as a good swinging snowstorm, one of the olden time. Therefore it was that he enjoyed seeing it whirl about the lamp-posts, and pile itself upon the stoops, make heaps upon hat-rims, and great bunches upon the breasts of close buttoned coats, until it fell off of its own weight.

It was a glorious sight, too, to see the people enjoy it. To see them run, and laugh, and shout, though there was really nothing to laugh and shout at, and to see their eyes sparkle, and their faces glow with the excitement. Then it was so funny to see everybody lose their false pride, and look in the shop windows, and gossip together for a moment, and then run on, wishing each other a "Happy New Year!"

All these things Jonathan Spear saw, and they made him the happier for seeing them. He had just left the counting-house after parting with the clerks and employes, wishing them all a "Happy New Year!" and making them the customary present, and had only stopped to buy one or two little things more than had been already bought, to add to the gifts which he intended to make on

the morrow. Jonathan Spear, though an old bachelor himself, had at least half a score of nephews and nieces, who looked upon him as the very example of goodness and generosity, and would certainly have believed in a sudden ending of the world if uncle Jonathan had failed to remember each individual of them on a New Year's Day.

Jonathan had never married, but from a very early part of his life he had declared his independence of boarding-houses, and become a house-keeper, taking as the presiding deity of his household a venerable widow Watkins, wonderfully skilled in the mysteries of the cuisine and in making things generally comfortable. For fifteen years the widow exhausted her motherly care over Jonathan, and then transferred a large share of it, and took to coddling the two orphan children of Jonathan's deceased sister, Nellie and Maggie Warren, who were left to Jonathan's care, and, as both he and the widow concluded instantly, were brought to the home of their bachelor uncle, as the very best place they could be brought to; a conclusion that was warranted by experience, for in years, thanks to the care and coddling of the widow, and the superintendence of Jonathan, they grew up two beautiful and accomplished girls, making for their bachelor uncle as bright and happy a home as waited for any man that New Year Eve in all New York.

"Oh, uncle, I'm so glad you've come! We've been looking for you this hour. Let me unloose your comforter, and Maggie will take your hat. We've got so much to tell you."

This was Nellie, who was talking as fast as her tongue would allow her to, and all the time shaking the snow off her uncle, and helping to divest him of his comforter and overcoat, ending it all off by giving him a kiss and seating him in the great easy chair, in front of one of the cheeriest and brightest fires that ever was built; while Maggie stood ready at the little table that was drawn up to his side, to make his tea and help him to the warm, tender, juicy steak that smoked before him. Jonathan Spear had never known a sick day in his life, and as a natural consequence he was not unblest with appetite, which found ample employment on the steak and tea; and then while Nellie and Maggie ran away to arrange all the little knick-knacks and pleasant things for the morrow, Jonathan Spear drew his chair up a little closer before the fire, and began to think, and his thoughts ran somewhat in this way:

"Well, here another New Year has rolled around, which makes me fifty-five. Pretty round age that, Jonathan Spear; you're not as young as you were twenty years ago, sir. But, then, what's a few years? Ain't I just as smart as I was then. I'm worth half a dozen of the young men yet. Haven't I got good health? Haven't I got a good appetite, and ain't I got the nicest home in the world? Ah, yes! Jonathan, that's all true; but why ain't you rich? That's it, man, you're getting old, and you're not getting rich. You've missed your chance, Jonathan. It should have been done twenty-five years ago! Now, then! what would you give just to take back that twenty-five years, and have another chance? Give! why, man, you'd give anything that was asked of you!"

"Would you?" said a tiny voice, almost in Jonathan's ear, that made him jump so that he almost knocked over the small table, and then looking all around and seeing nobody he began to persuade himself it was nothing but imagination.

"Now then, what would you give, Jonathan Spear?" and this time the voice came right out from the chimney-back, and Jonathan stared with concentrated force into the fire for an elucidation. Just as he was doing so a little figure stepped

daintily over the glowing coals and out upon the hearth. It was not more than twelve inches high, and most exquisitely formed. Its face was red, very red, and so was its hair, while every garment from its shoes to its cap was of the same color, the buttons being carbuncles, and the trimmings scarlet enamel upon gold. Jonathan gazed with bewildered eyes for a moment, and then feeling that he sat by his own hearth and had a right to ask questions, said—

"What's your name, and where the plague did you come from?"

"Never you mind," answered the little red gentleman, "but just attend to what I've got to say, for this is a busy night with me, and I haven't time to waste in talk."

"Oh! then you're Santa Claus?" said Jonathan, in a kind of obtuse way.

"Santa Claus!" shouted the little red gentleman, slapping his hand upon his thigh with a crack like a rifle, and giving a laugh that fairly shook the house. "Now do I look like Santa Claus? Why, man, if ever you'd read 'The Night before Christmas' you'd never be so stupid as to take me for Santa Claus. No; I'm not Santa Claus, and it don't make any difference who I am, but I've asked you a question, and I want it answered. You said just now that you wanted to be twenty-five years younger: what do you want that for?"

"So that I can be rich," answered Jonathan.

"Why, haven't you had every chance," said the red gentleman, "and neglected them? You were once cashier of the Highflyers Banking and Trust Company, weren't you? Why didn't you make money out of that?"

"Ah! why didn't I?" said Jonathan, smiling grimly. "Because I was a fool and didn't use the money of the bank to speculate on and shave not a cent that the bank could not take!"

"Um! And then you were assignee for the house of Humdrum & Co., when they failed. There was a fortune in that for you—a hundred thousand, at least. What did you do with it?"

"Gave it up to the creditors," said Jonathan, doggedly.

"Um?" said the little red gentleman again. "And you might have had plenty of money, many times, if you had chosen, could you not, Jonathan Spear?"

"Yes," mumbled Jonathan, "if I had chosen to keep what was in my hands and let the rightful owners whistle!"

"And why didn't you?" said the little red gentleman, with a significant leer of his left eye.

"Oh, because I was a fool!" responded Jonathan, with a petulant shrug of the shoulders.

"And, I suppose, if you had another chance, you would correct all those mistakes?"

Jonathan was not exactly prepared to answer that question, but he responded with a knowing glance at the little red gentleman that did quite as well as words, and brought forth a new proposition.

"Now, then, Jonathan Spear, I want to ask you plainly which you would prefer: whether to have a quarter of a century taken off your age, landing you safely at thirty and leaving you to recover the mistakes of your life and grow rich, or that you remain at your present age, with such wealth as you may choose to possess yourself of?"

"I'll keep my present age and have immediate wealth," was Jonathan's immediate answer.

"Think well of it, Jonathan Spear; twenty-five years of life is not to be despised."

"Fiddle for the years!" said Jonathan, sharply.

"What is life without money?"

"Why, you're not poor, are you?"

"No, not poor."

"And in good health?"



The Little Red Gentleman appearing to Jonathan Spear.

"Capital—And yet you do not enjoy life." "Oh! yes—s. But then I'd rather be rich." "Well, well! So be it then. You shall be rich, Jonathan Spear, but on conditions."

"Name 'em," said Jonathan, in a twitter of excitement. "I shall present you with three gifts," said the little red gentleman, "each of which will be wealth, but they must be used in the order in which I give them, and you must not disobey my injunctions as to their use, nor use the second or the third until you have surrendered to me the preceding gift. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Jonathan, eagerly.

"And," continued the little red gentleman, "when you have once surrendered a gift it can never be recalled. Do you agree to this?"

"Of course! Of course!" responded Jonathan, almost jumping out of his chair for joy.

"Very well, then; let us shake hands on the bargain."

And the little man stretched out his hand towards Jonathan, who seized it with a quick grip, which came to as rapid a conclusion, for Jonathan found the hand one that, if the old saying of "a cold hand accompanies a warm heart," and vice versa, be true, then the little red gentleman's heart could have been nothing less than a lump of the purest ice, just from the north corner of the North Pole. When it was over and the little red gentleman back in his place, he addressed Jonathan while that individual was blowing his fingers.



New Year's Eve.

"Now, Mr. Jonathan Spear, the first gift I have for you is a key to the mines of Obfuscation."

"Obfuscation!" echoed Jonathan. "I think I think I've heard of that place before!"

"Yes, to the mines of Obfuscation. The most wonderful silver mines of the world, but yet undiscovered. No man has to this time entered their depths, and you, consequently, are the first mortal who has been entrusted with a key. Take it."

Jonathan grasped eagerly at the key, and, looking with curiosity at the tiny thing, scarce a tenth of an inch in length, he asked:

"How am I to find them?"

"You have nothing to do," answered the little red gentleman, "but grasp the key in your hand and go wherever the power that seems to lead you may direct. It will take you straight to the mouth of the mines, and then there is nothing but to unlock the door and walk in. But, remember, you must only visit them on the first day of every month, and then you must only bring away as much as you can carry of the silver you will find there. Remember this, and do not attempt to transgress."

"I think one back load of silver in a month will be about enough to suit me!" said Jonathan, with a chuckle.

"The next gift," continued the little red gentleman, "is a box, at the bottom of which you will find a single piece of gold. This you can remove and close the box, on opening which again you will find another piece, and so on, without end. But you must remember that, between the taking of each piece from the box, you must perform some good act."

"Some good act!" echoed Jonathan. "Why stop so long?"

"You must perform some good act," repeated the little red gentleman, emphatically.

"Let me see," mused Jonathan, "some good act. Well, suppose I give something in charity—lay apart some of the money for the benefit of the poor. How will that do?"

"Excellently well," was the response. "As long as a tithe of the gold is laid aside for the poor so long will all be right. And now, Jonathan Spear, I have the last and most important gift for you. It is this vial. A drop from it, rubbed in the palm of the left hand, will render you invisible, and in that state give you admission to all the treasures of the world. Understand me, not of the hidden treasures, but all those which have been acquired by men. You can enter banks and treasuries, the safes of merchants, and the secret places of hoarders of gems."

"And what use will that be to me?" asked Jonathan, looking curiously on the vial.

"That's as it may be," answered the little red gentleman. "Time will tell how far you may see fit to use the gift I give you as the last. With this gift I have no charge to make. If you should ever wish to surrender it—as you will perhaps surrender the rest—the way to summon me will be through its aid. A single drop upon the tongue, accom-

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passed by the word "Come!" and I will be with you."

Jonathan took the vial gingerly between his finger and thumb, and looked at it as he would upon some strange object, and then said:

"Pon my word, I don't think I shall ever want this little article. In fact, I don't see what I want with three gifts at all. I'm quite content, I assure you, with the key to the mines of Obfuscation."

The little red gentleman smiled grimly, and answered drily:

"I think you'd better be careful of it," and then, after a moment's pause, he continued, "now, then, Jonathan Spear, have you anything further to say?"

"Nothing!" answered Jonathan, who held the three gifts in his hands, and was rather anxious for his friend to go away now, because Nellie, Maggie, or perhaps old Mrs. Watkins might come in, and he was not anxious to have them see him there. Therefore he repeated, "Nothing! I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure."

"I don't want any thanks," said the little red gentleman; "therefore as my business is done, I'll be off. Good-night! and a Happy New Year to you!" and he sprang with one leap right into the midst of the burning coals, and in the most curious manner possible gradually melted down into their glowing bed and entirely disappeared. Just then Nellie and Maggie came dancing into the room as happy as two birds, and just as full of twitter and talk, and Jonathan hurried the three gifts into his pocket, rather disposed to say something sharp to the girls for coming so suddenly upon him; but when he remembered that he had never yet spoken cross to them, and that to-morrow would be New Year's Day, he concluded to smother his ire, which he hid by hiding it behind taciturnity. The girls laughed and petted about their uncle for awhile, and then seeing that there was no response, looked inquiringly at each other and at him; for it was not at all Jonathan's way, and still finding that he did not respond to their little jokes and droll ideas, became quiet also, and seating themselves on either side of the old man, attempted to interest him with little talk about the morrow, and of the preparations they had been making to receive calls, and the happiness they hoped to enjoy. But Jonathan, whose entire thoughts were in his pocket with the three gifts, and the memory that to-morrow, being the first day of the month, he could visit the silver mines of Obfuscation, only answered, when he answered at all, in monosyllables, until at last the poor girls, fearing that they had dreadfully offended their uncle in some way, were almost ready to burst into tears. In fact, all enjoyment was gone for that evening, and after a solemn hour or two, instead of a story from uncle Jonathan—for Jonathan was a capital teller of stories, and always had something new on hand—they went away to bed with heavy hearts, almost fearing to give him the good-night kiss; and finally, after a long guessing consultation as to the cause, without satisfactory conclusion, laying each her little head on the pillow, to throw itself asleep; while Jonathan, thinking only of his great coming wealth, no sooner were they out of the room than he rushed to the door, and locking it, drew again from his pocket the three gifts. It was the key to the silver mines of Obfuscation that had the greatest interest for him at that moment. In a few hours he could have evidence of its value, and bear away some of the treasure to which he was the first human admitted. How he bemoaned the hours that must elapse before he could bear off his load of silver. Should he wait until to-morrow at daylight? No, indeed! that very night, as soon as the clock turned twelve, he would visit the mines. He would enjoy the New Year's Day better if he had a load of silver in his coffers. Every ten minutes Jonathan looked at his watch, but it still lacked three hours of midnight. He tried to read, but it was of no use, the letters all ran together, and page after page he went over without understanding a word. Then he thought he would take a nap of an hour or two, as it was usual for him to do, in his chair, but that would not do, there was no sleep in him. Every distant cry in the street of "Happy New Year!" rang upon his ears like a jibe or a taunt, and every cinder that fell from the grate made him start and gaze into the fire, as though he expected the little red gentleman to reappear. A most uncomfortable three hours old Jonathan Spear spent; but at last the time was gone, and the city clocks, every one, had rung out the hour of midnight. Then Jonathan seized the key in his right hand, and not without some fear and trembling, grasped it tightly. In an instant he was astonished to find that some unseen power was impelling him forward, not towards the door of the room, but directly at the wall, and a stout brick wall at that. He was more astounded still to find that, as he walked directly at the wall, it gave way at his touch like so much putty, and through he went, and was in the street in an instant. It was still snowing merrily, and the streets were full of people, but none of them seemed to notice Jonathan, who walked straight on without the ability to stop himself or swerve to one side for anybody or anything. Suddenly Jonathan discovered that, in his eagerness to journey to the mines, he had forgotten the very important points of a hat and overcoat, and consequently found himself going through the streets bareheaded and thinly clad, while the snow came down in whirling eddies and gave him the full benefit of its coldness. There was no help for it now, however, and on he went in a direct line, through houses and churches, over streets, and away out to the open country, across fields and through woods, into hills like a mole, and coming out on the other side, until at last, with a dive into a mass of solid rock, Jonathan found he stood before a stone door just tall enough, and broad enough, to admit a man of his size, and having no visible sign of knob or lock, save only a tiny keyhole, which Jonathan knew in a moment was the spot for his key.

In a minute it was applied, and a single turn sent the door whirling on its hinges, and in he

walked. Such a sight never before met the eyes of mortal man, and Jonathan could not help standing still and staring with admiration. There, as far as the eye could reach, was nothing but solid rocks and columns of burnished silver. Heaps upon heaps of lumps and masses, from the size of a marble up to the highness of a house. The floor was one plane of pure metal, as bright as a looking-glass, with not a scratch to mar its surface, and from a thousand different angles he could see his form reflected, and tarrown from one point to another. All this splendor for miles and for miles, thousands upon thousands of little men, none of them over twelve inches in height, and clad all in silver armor, and silver leather, with long handled picks and hammers, and silver barrels, were digging and mining, carrying and wheeling the lumps about and away. At first none of these little miners seemed to notice Jonathan, but as he stepped forward from the door, one of them, whom Jonathan recognised at a glance as a master, came up, and, touching his cap, uttered only one word, which was,

"Welcome."

Jonathan was delighted to think he was welcome, for it must be confessed he was rather staggered when he saw the crowds of little miners, whom he thought might be guards over the silver and perhaps keep him from taking any away. Therefore, when the master miner bade him "welcome," he was so delighted that he shook hands with him at once, remarking that it was very fine weather, asking after his family, and various other little original remarks, by way of opening the conversation, until at last he made a hint or two, in a round-about way, in relation to the business that brought him there, at which the master miner said, very blandly,

"Walk in, Mr. Jonathan Spear, and help yourself. The entire mine is at your service. Look around and see what you like best, and my men shall put it into proper carrying shape for you."

Jonathan did look around, and in doing so, he saw that every one of the many thousand miners had in the front of his cap, just where the coal miner carries his lamp, a magnificent carbuncle. Now Jonathan did not know much about gems, but these splendid jewels made his eyes water, and he knew enough to know that if he could carry away a back load of them that he would have a burden worth many loads of silver. It did not take long for this to get through his brain, and he followed it up by saying to the master miner,

"Did I understand you to say that everything was at my service?"

"Everything!" said the master miner, in rather a hesitating voice, as though he divined Jonathan's thoughts.

"Then I'll take a load of those carbuncles that I see stuck in front of your caps," said Jonathan, in a feeble voice.

"What!" said the master miner, almost turning a somersault, as he sprang a yard back. "Would you take away our lives? Why, man, every one of these is the warrant for its wearer dwelling in this place, and for his existence!"

Jonathan begged pardon in a stupid kind of a way, feeling guilty all the while, and knowing that if the little red gentleman had intended that he should have carbuncles he would have said something about them in the agreement, therefore he thought the best thing for him to do would be to get his load of silver and be off as soon as possible. To this end he went about with the master miner, trying now this lump and now that, each being, as he declared, too light for him, and at last settling upon a mass that was so big and heavy that with all his strength he could not lift it from the ground. The master miner tried to persuade him to take a small one, as the way was long, and he was rather an old man; but Jonathan would not listen to him, and finally the master miner was obliged to call in sixty-seven of his strongest hands to lift it on Jonathan's shoulder, who, however, at last, staggered away with the load. The master miner politely opened the door for him, and bade him good-night as he shut it, and Jonathan was once more in the open air. He thought, as he passed out, the open door, that he heard a peal of suppressed laughter, as though it came from many thousand mouths, but he paid no attention to it, and staggered on with his load.

The night had become very dark, for the snow had ceased to fall, and though Jonathan had the key for his guide back to his home, the way was very long, and at each step the lump became heavier. Still he cattered on; though he might have sat down by the wayside and knocked off a bit, he was too anxious for the whole to do that. There was but one consolation for him in all his weary, staggering trudge, and that was the comfort of calculating how much the lump would bring and what he would do with the money, though even this little comfort was dashed with bitterness as he thought of all the splendid carbuncles which he did not get. The night was very cold, but yet Jonathan steamed with perspiration from the labor of his burden. Once in a while, when he would be forced to stop and lean against a fence or a wall, for a moment's rest (for he dared not lay the lump down, lest he might not be able to take it up again), the wind would cut him to the very bones, and creeping under his clothes, which were not kept together by an overcoat, would chill him with a deathly chill.

At last, after a journey that seemed ten times longer than that of going, Jonathan landed his lump safe in his own parlor, and threw himself, weary and sore, filled with pains and chattering with cold, into his chair.

There upon the floor lay the glittering mass for which he had so toiled; but one-half the interest was gone, for he was too sick to care for anything. He had barely the strength to huddle the lump away into a chest, lock it and drag himself off to bed, where he tossed about in a restless, uneasy, dozing way, until morning; and then, when

Maggie and Nellie came, he sat trembling, to wish him a "Happy New Year," to send off instantly for the doctor and make his calculations on passing the holiday in bed, under the ministrations of Mrs. Watkins and Doctor Tincture.

It was a week before Jonathan could crawl out of his bed, and with pale face and still sore bones, go about his business. The first thing was to get the chest containing the lump out of the house and into the hands of an assayer. When this was done, and Jonathan realised the cash, he found that his lump had brought him twenty-five hundred dollars; a very pretty sum, but to his now grasping imagination, a mere trifle toward getting rich. His mind could now run upon nothing but how he could hurry up the acquisition of wealth, and the next first day of the month seemed years away. Jonathan was no longer the Jonathan of old. In the counting-room he was cross and snappish, so that everything went at sixes and sevens, and two of his old clerks, who had been many years in his employ, had gone off because they could not stand his quarrelsome way; while several of the old customers, who, though not large buyers, were safe ones, had transferred their custom to another house, because Jonathan had insulted them by making allusions to small customs, petty business, and such like unnecessary remarks; while at home Jonathan was moody and sulky, rarely conversing with his nieces, and when he did ending off the talk with some snarling remark that would bring the tears into their eyes, and make them wonder how it was that their uncle, who was once so kind and so pleasant, could have become so changed.

All this arose from Jonathan's thinking too much about the silver mines of Obfuscation.

At last the first of February arrived, and Jonathan made his second journey. He was wiser this trip, and determined not only to go in the daytime but to wear his hat and overcoat, and take with him a bag. The key was grasped, and as before it led him on through every obstruction to the door of the mine, which was unlocked, and he stood in the midst of the same magnificent scene. The little men went on with their work, not appearing to notice him, but the master stepped forward, with a bow, and bade him welcome.

"Here I am, you see!" said Jonathan, trying to speak in as cheery a way as possible, though all the time he felt rather ashamed of himself. The master miner smiled grimly, and said, as before,

"Walk in, Mr. Jonathan Spear, and help yourself. The entire mine is at your service. Look around and see what you like best, and my men shall put it into proper carrying shape for you."

With that Jonathan went to work to fill his bag and threw in lump after lump until, as before, the master miner was obliged to call in sixty-seven of his men to help get the burden on his back, Jonathan all the time casting greedy glances at the carbuncles in their caps. It was a heavy load, heavier, if possible, than before, that Jonathan staggered out with, and this time he heard the peal of laughter loud and distinct, as he drew his key out of the lock, and knew that it was at him, and for his greed. His journey home was partially a repetition of the past, though now he had time to take it by easy stages, with the advantage of an overcoat and hat, and to consider on his future usage of the key. That night he went to bed with aching bones, but in the morning he was up, though every twinge told him that he was a fit subject for the bed, Mrs. Watkins's hands and those of Doctor Tincture; for Jonathan was troubled with an idea, and that idea he was determined to put in execution. He intended to pay another visit to the mine. There was no reason, he argued, that he should not go there every day, in spite of the injunction of the little red gentleman, and he was determined to try it. The master miner had welcomed him heartily, and no doubt would. A month was too long to wait. Every day now would be something like, and would soon count up, therefore Jonathan determined to go every day and bring away a back load of silver.

As soon as he had his breakfast, in fact before it was fairly swallowed, he grasped the key and was off, and the usual journey brought him to the door of the mine. The door was unlocked, and Jonathan entered, but as soon as the glare of the burnished silver gave him a chance to look about, he was surprised to see that every miner was resting upon his pick, shovel and barrow, and staring directly at him. He stood still, and waited for the master miner to come forward and welcome him; but he waited in vain, for no master miner came, and still the workmen stared. At last Jonathan, having waited what he supposed was a reasonable time, thought it would be best to help himself, which thought he undertook to put in execution by picking up a lump, which he was about to drop in his bag, when such a yell arose as fairly froze the marrow in his bones and stopped him instantly. He did not drop the lump, but stood looking all around him in terror, when suddenly, from every part of the mine, he saw the little men rushing towards him like a swarm of bees. There was no time to think, for the first one that came struck the lump to the earth, and then began such a kicking, cuffing and buffeting of Jonathan as never was seen before at the mines of Obfuscation or elsewhere. One jumped upon the top of his head, while half a dozen more were on his shoulders, and hundreds in every direction put in, each on his own account, a kick or a blow, laughing all the time, as though they enjoyed it as the merriest of jokes, until Jonathan, without an unbruised inch of skin on his body, was landed on the outside of the door and left to crawl his way home as best he might.

The next day, without the power to turn in bed, a mass of bruises, and a head from which everything that looked like a hair had been plucked, Jonathan, having cleared the room of all attendants, took the little vial from his pocket. He was heartily tired of the key to the mines of Obfuscation, and wanted to give it up, because he was

afraid ever to go back to it. Now he would try box with the piece of gold, and consequently he took just one drop from the vial upon his tongue, and shouted "Come!" in a loud voice, which no sooner had he done than a clap like thunder came in the middle of Jonathan's head, and the little red gentleman sprang from nothing on to the table at his side.

"Whew!" said Jonathan, rather taken aback at the suddenness of the whole thing.

"Well, what now?" asked the little red gentleman, with something of a frown.

"Why—you—see," said Jonathan, hesitatingly. "I thought—well—I would like—you see—to—in fact—give you up this key."

"Um!" he grunted. "Couldn't make proper use of it, hey?"

Jonathan hung down his head.

"No matter—all right!" said the little red gentleman. "Anything more to say? No! Then I'm off."

And off he was, leaving Jonathan staring in blank astonishment at the spot where he had stood.

Now came the box, and Jonathan was eager to get at it. He did not lose any time, for though he was so bruised and lame that he could barely lift his arm, he determined to try its virtues. At it he went and lifted the lid, and sure enough there, in the bottom, lay the most beautiful newly-coined double eagle that ever was seen. Jonathan was delighted, and in the excess of his delight declared that one-half of those beautiful coins should be set aside for the poor, at which declaration, made aloud, he thought he heard an audible grunt of satisfaction arising from somewhere; but looking all around the room and seeing nothing, he went on with his operations and opened the box a second time. There was the double eagle, bright and handsome, and once more Jonathan vowed one-half to the poor. Piece after piece Jonathan picked out from the box, laying them in heaps upon the bed, and dividing them into two parcels, one for himself and one for the poor, until, from very weariness, his hands relaxed and he dropped asleep, only to awake the next day. Then, with the first blush of morning, he looked about, and seeing the two piles of gold on the bed, his liberality of the night before was gone like a flash. Why should he give so much to the poor? What had the poor ever done for him? No, he would give them one-half what he had laid out for them, and that was too much; and so he separated the heap of the poor into two parts, and put one of them upon his own pile. He had scarce done so when he was startled by loud knocks, and by what sounded like score of voices in supplication. He listened a moment, and then had hardly time to shuffle away the heaps of gold when Maggie and Nellie entered the room, with alarm on their faces, to tell their uncle that the house was fairly besieged by beggars, each of whom demanded aid as though it was a debt. Jonathan knew in a moment that it was the work of the little red gentleman, but he was determined that he would not be too liberal with the beggars, and so he handed over to his nieces the small pile of gold to distribute among them, with many injunctions not to give too much to any single one, and not to give any more of it than they could help, and then Jonathan went on with his picking of double eagles out of the bottom of the box.

He was still sore and lame from his beating, but that did not deter him from sitting with the box before him and piling up the gold, even though he could hear the clamors of the beggars outside, crying for their share, which he clung to with desperate tenacity. All day this was so, and all the next day and the day after, and again the day after that, until his fingers were worn nearly to the bone and the joints of his arms ached equal to the toothache. And still he kept diminishing the heap of the poor more and more every hour, though they still clamored around the house; and now that he was able to get into the street and drag himself about a little, they followed him with supplications, and when unsuccessful with maledictions and reviling. At last this got to be so terrible to Jonathan that the cry of the poor was never out of his ears, sleeping or waking, and yet his heart grew harder and harder, and more and more he stinted the heap of the poor and added to his own. He would start and groan in his sleep, fighting off the myriads of beggars that beset him in his dreams, and sought to snatch from him his hoarded gold.

Those who had known Jonathan Spear a few months before and had often complimented him by saying what a hale, hearty and good-looking man he was for his age, now passed him in the street and did not recognise him, for his hair had grown so very gray and his eyes had become bloodshot and sunken, while his step was weak and his hand trembled. Jonathan no longer stopped to gossip with a friend on the street, and as to a joke, such a thing never passed his lips any more. He thought that every one who looked at him had a design upon his money, and even in his own home he was suspicious and quarrelsome, until Nellie and Maggie never thought any more of sitting with him of an evening, but would stay either in their own rooms or in that of Mrs. Watkins.

Jonathan saw at once that, though he had gained wealth, he had not gained happiness with it, and yet he was not willing to part with any of his acquisitions. The more he got the closer he became, until his name became a byword among all with whom he had dealings, and got them into a way of calling him such names as "a beggarly old miser" and "an old hunk," and epithets equally unpleasant to reach his ears.

All this time Jonathan was seriously thinking of how slow he was accumulating wealth, notwithstanding he was drawing forth a double eagle every few minutes, and then would come up in his mind that drop from the little vial that was to be rubbed into the palm of his left hand, and give him invisible admittance to all the wealth of the world.

"But," he argued to himself, "they will not be

mine, and, what good will they be to me?" And then the greed of money came up, and Jonathan Spear argued again:

"But if I have admittance to them, what can prevent me from helping myself?"

And then a sharp pang went through his breast at the thought, for so far, however greedy he had been, he had not openly admitted to himself that he was willing to be dishonest. But the gold was at work.

"Pshaw! who will know anything about it? Won't I be invisible? If nobody knows it, nobody is hurt!"

And, again, visions of the vast wealth he might so acquire ran through his brain; so vast, that the silver mines of Obfuscaion and the little box was as nothing beside them.

"I can carry more in one load than in a hundred from the mines, and nobody the wiser; to say nothing of being obliged to break my back, and be beaten by a parcel of wretched pigmy miners, or worried to death by an army of beggars. I'll do it!"

And do it he did. Every time that a little thought would struggle up in his mind that he was about to commit robbery, he would crush it down, and think only of the heaps of greenbacks, the lots of gold to which he could go every day, and every hour, if he pleased; of the grand gems, and articles of wonderful value, not only in this land, but all over the world; and then his very brain would swim with the idea, and he wondered how he could have been so stupid as to spend his time with the key of the mines, and the little box, when he had such riches at his disposal. There was no time to be lost, so he flapped a drop from the vial upon his tongue, and said, "Come!" though it must be confessed not in a very confident tone of voice, for after assuring the little red gentleman so positively that he had no use for the vial, he felt somewhat ashamed to send for him in such a hurry. With the word he came like a flash, this time not with a frown upon his face, but with a sneer. He spoke quick and sharp.

"So soon!"

Jonathan was terribly bothered, and for a minute was speechless.

"Speak up man! What are you afraid of? Haven't you called me?"

"Yes!" stammered Jonathan, "I want—to—to—"

"To give up the box. Why don't you say it outright? Where is it? Hand it over!"

Jonathan was only too glad to get over the matter so easily, and eagerly thrust the box into the little red gentleman's hand, without a word. The little red gentleman poked it into his pocket with an audible "Fiddlesticks!" and then turning to Jonathan again, he said:

"Now, then, Jonathan Spear, I'm going to leave you, and remember you have only one time more to send for me."

Jonathan nodded assent, but spoke never a word, for he felt dreadfully ashamed of himself, and could not look the little red gentleman in the eye, not even for an instant.

"So consider well before you do it, and when you have done it, if I ever hear a word of regret afterwards, you may depend there will be trouble between us. Good-night!"

And pop he went into nothing, like a patent ghost, and Jonathan was left alone.

That night he resolved he would sleep well, and the next day should be a jubilee. He would go to a bank or two, and look into the state of their deposits; visit one or two large diamond merchants, and perhaps select a few scores of such as run over five or six carats each. He might call upon the United States Treasury, perhaps drop in at some of the large broker's offices. There was no hurry just yet, and he would see where he could bestow his attentions with the greatest profit. Thinking upon this, he went to bed, but instead of dropping away into that comfortable sleep he had promised himself, he tossed and tumbled about, hot and feverish, wishing all the time for the morning, that he might start upon his tour.

When the next day came Jonathan, being determined to test the matter before he went out, rubbed a drop of the liquid in his left hand, and boldly marched into the presence of Nellie and Maggie, and was delighted to find that they were utterly unaware of his presence, but scarcely had he entered the room when he saw that they had both been crying, and that they were talking of him and his unkindness. Jonathan could not stand this, in his then exultant state, and consequently he went out upon his errand. He was bent for Wall street, but he thought it would do no harm to step into Messrs. Griffin and Co.'s, the great jewellers, on the way. He did so, and walked from one end of the great shop to the other without being seen, and then, just as a trial, he took up a dozen or two of fine large diamonds, and putting them in his pocket went out. After this he went into Wall street, and dropping into the Ethereal Bank, amused himself for awhile by handling the bundles and piles of bills, and then gathering together as many of them as he could conveniently carry, wended his way home.

"Now, how much better this is," mused Jonathan, "no breaking of one's back, or running the risk of being beaten and kicked. No working like a mill horse, picking twenty dollar pieces out of a box. Here I have as much in a few hours as I could have got out of the box in a month. I don't think I shall ever want to see the little red gentleman again."

One journey was enough for the day, for Jonathan wanted to count his morning's work, and admire his diamonds, which he did until the darkness came. Nellie and Maggie never came into his room now of an evening, and Jonathan was glad of it, for he never could have looked them in the face. The next morning he was ready for another journey, but, of course, he must get some breakfast, and read the papers—he always read the papers, that he might see what property or stocks

was for sale to invest his money in. This morning he had scarcely opened the sheet when his eye lit on a paragraph headed "Great Robbery!" and went on relating the disappearance of the diamonds at Griffin and Co.'s, and ending off with the announcement of the arrest of the clerk, who had them in charge, and his committal to prison on suspicion of the theft.

Whew! here was a pretty business, a business that Jonathan had made no calculation on. What was to be done? Nothing. Absolutely nothing! The man must get out of the scrape the best way he could, and Jonathan went off on his walk. This day he contented himself with carrying off a few bundles of greenbacks from a large broker, and stripping the safe of a merchant of all the funds intended to pay imperative obligations that day, under the very nose of the merchant himself, who was alone in the office and busy counting it. Now, then, Jonathan congratulated himself, nobody could be accused of stealing it, for nobody was there but the merchant himself.

The next day he looked in the paper to see if any mention was made of the disappearance of the broker's or merchant's funds, but there was none, though there was something that made Jonathan's very hair stand on end with horror. It was an account of the disappearance of \$240,000 from the Ethereal Bank, and the arrest of the teller, who had blown out his brains in the bank parlor, while awaiting the coming of the officer who was to convey him to prison. He had always heretofore borne an irreproachable character, and left a wife and four young children, the paper said.

Never before had Jonathan's hand shaken so, or his teeth chattered so fearfully. Never before had he known his limbs to grow so suddenly cold, or the money to burn so in his pocket. In the terror of the moment he clutched it out, and flung it across the room in an agony of horror. He saw before him the stark, bloody corpse of the man who had shot himself in the bank parlor, and he felt as though his brains had been splattered everything he touched. He saw the broken-hearted wife at home and the four weeping little ones. He could stand it no longer, but rushed from the solitude of his room into the street. He had gone but a few yards when he met Dr. Tincture.

"Bless me! Mr. Spear, how very ill you look! You must really be more careful of yourself. If you don't, I will not insure your life for a month. Life is very uncertain, Mr. Spear. I've just got an instance of it on hand now. An old lady friend of mine I am going to call on in the next street, who hasn't had a sick day for twenty years, until yesterday, when she was struck with apoplexy on hearing that her son had been arrested for robbing Griffin & Co.'s store. I think she must die tonight. Nothing can save her. Very mournful indeed, very!" and the old doctor hurried off, without noticing the look of the rigid, deathly pale man he left behind him. For many minutes he stood there staring at nothing, and then, without knowing why, walked rapidly on until he stood in front of the store of the merchant from whom he had the day before taken the money. The store was closed, and Jonathan stood gazing blankly upon the walls. How long he had stood there he did not know, but he felt a touch on his shoulder, and turned to see an old acquaintance.

"How are ye, Spear? Lose anything by Hitchcock? Very remarkable failure. They say he's gone crazy because his creditors won't believe his story about the money that he says was spirited away. Very odd, indeed! Very sorry for his family! Fine people! What's the matter, Spear? you don't look well. Hadn't you better go home and nurse yourself up a bit?"

Yes; he would go home and summon once more the one who had by his gifts brought upon him all this misery. He had brought it, and he must relieve it; and soon Jonathan Spear stood once more in his room with the vial in his hand, and the drop upon his tongue, crying hoarsely. "Come!" and the little red gentleman jumped before him with flashing eyes, and every carbuncle on his clothes glowing fiercely. This time he did not speak, but awaited for Jonathan, who cried, chokingly:

"You have ruined me!"

"Weak, whining fool!" said the little red gentleman. "I ruin you! It is your own greed that has ruined you! Look at your course. Fifty-five years you have gone through the world, honestly and respected. I entrusted you with wealth, but you were not content with plenty in the key of the mine, but you sought more. Your desire was gratified in the golden box, but even with that inordinate wealth, which properly used, would soon have made you the richest man in the world, you desired more, and saw fit to use the third gift, not as I gave it to you, merely for admission to the treasure of the world, but to rob those to whom it belonged. You have summoned me to return this gift, and demand from me the repaying of those evils which you alone have committed. I have no power to repair them, but there is a power given me over one who has abused the third gift, and I am about to use it. Come!"

Jonathan sat petrified with horror. He tried to speak, but his tongue had grown to his mouth. The little red gentleman was growing larger, and flashing all over like a solid mass of terrible anger. A second time he cried in a fearful voice, "Come!" and Jonathan essayed to beg for mercy, but not a word would pass his lips. A third time the terrible summons was pealed forth, "Come!" and he sprang at and caught the throat of Jonathan, who—

"What's the matter, uncle? You cried out so loud that we came right down to see what was the matter?"

"Oh, bless my heart! Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! Where has he gone?"

"Where has who gone?" said both Nellie and Maggie with one voice.

Jonathan was standing bolt upright in front of the fire, rubbing his nose, and looking all round the room wildly.

"For my word, girls, I think I've been asleep! How long is it since you left me?"

"About ten minutes," says Nellie, looking at the table and at her uncle. "Don't you think, uncle, you have eaten too heartily, and fell asleep from it?"

"That's it!" said Jonathan. "That's the little red gentleman, girls!"

"The little red gentleman!" said Maggie, her eyes dancing with eagerness. "Oh! uncle, tell us about the little red gentleman!"

"And that shall be your story for the New Year's Eve. And as long as my name's Jonathan Spear I'll never wish to be rich again."

MARGERITA.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

I LOVED you long and I loved you well,
Margerita;
Loved you better than words can tell—
Hark! the solemn midnight bell,
Margerita.

Only an hour of earth is mine,
Margerita;
Who breaks the goblet spills the wine,
Before I go let lips of thine,
Margerita,

Undo the cruel wrong you did,
Margerita.
Griefs are not less for being hid;
You know I went because you bid,
Margerita.

I dared not hope to call you bride,
Margerita;
And yet, as careless mariners glide
Into a whirlpool deep and wide,
Margerita,

One fatal day I spoke, to hear,
Margerita,
These cruel words fall cold and clear
Upon my pained and startled ear,
Margerita,

"For ever leave me," then I knew,
Margerita,
The very breath I sadly drew
Was only drawn for love of you,
Margerita.

Only a year ago, and yet,
Margerita,
A hundred years their seal have set
Upon my heart—thou canst not forget,
Margerita.

But I—oh, hark! the clanging bell,
Margerita;
Methought I heard an organ swell—
Ah, now I know that all is well,
Margerita.

CURLING AT THE CENTRAL PARK.

HAVING SHOWN in No. 434 what some imagine the Scottish game of curling to be, we give them a real view in this paper, from the fine painting by J. G. Brown, N.A. Like all Scottish games, it is one of strength and agility, and the impelling of the stones on the ice is a most exciting and invigorating exercise for those who have strength and dexterity to bear their part in it well.

It is a favorite sport in Canada, where the long winter gives abundant opportunity for its practice on the frozen rivers, and needs only a little more time to gain admirers among us.

BATTLE MONUMENT AT ST. FOYE.

WHILE we are in the midst of a great war, our Canadian brethren have been erecting a monument to commemorate wars of the last century. On the 19th October Lord Monck, Governor-General of Canada, inaugurated a monument erected at St. Foye, a village near Quebec, where the second battle of Quebec was fought, in 1700, and the English, under Murray, defeated by Lévis and driven back into the city. For a moment the colony won by Wolfe was in danger, but an English fleet appeared and decided the future of Canada. The armies that struggled here were composed of English and Americans, French and Canadian, and a monument is now raised to commemorate all who fell.

It is constructed of cast iron, bronzed, and rests on a stone base. Its height is 69 feet, and is crowned by a draped statue of Bellona, in bronze, sent to Canada from France, a present from Prince Napoleon. The pedestal is enriched with reliefs, encircling, on one side, the name of Murray, the General who led the defence; and on the opposite side that of Lévis, commander of the French troops. M. Charles Baillargis was the architect.

A PLANTATION ON THE TECHE.

THE finer plantations of the South, those owned by high-minded persons, full of a true Christian idea of the great responsibility imposed upon them by that abnormal system of slavery, deserve to be enshrined in history. They are rapidly disappearing with the great revolution which is sweeping involuntary servitude from the land.

The Teche country is the loveliest in Louisiana, and in other days had the richest and happiest society. But misfortunes have come apace. The terrible catastrophe at Lake Island swept away many of the wealthier planters, and filled the blooming Eden with mourning widows and fatherless children.

The plantation which our Artist has depicted in detail is that of Mrs. Porter, known as Oak Lawn. It is on the Bayou Teche, about five miles above Franklins, St. Mary's parish, La. The lawn or park in front of the house comprises about two acres, and is finely shaded with live oaks, magnolias and other trees.

The house itself is a fine extensive building, erected by Judge Porter, the brother-in-law of the present owner, to whose brother it descended as his death. The Porters were Irishmen, sons of the Rev. James Porter, executed for treason in Ireland, in 1795.

Mrs. Porter, who resides part of the year at Newport, R. I., is a Union woman, but has suffered greatly from our troops. Her plantation is a model one. The negro quarters consist of 42 cabins, in three rows, which were formerly kept very tidy and well white-

washed, a limehouse standing near. The slaves were well kept, but are now thoroughly demoralized; about 300 still remain, but all idea of labor has been lost. They do not even cultivate the patches allowed for their own use, on which of old they raised large quantities of poultry and vegetables, to sell at the market or in the neighborhood, often indeed to their mistress.

Provision was made for the spiritual instruction of the negroes; a neat brick Episcopal church being erected for their use, and a hospital stood ready for them in time of sickness.

We show also the gate and portico to the overseer's house, the main hall and the Dogberry sugar-mill, where formerly 1,200 or 1,800 barrels of sugar were made each season.

PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

The Snuff Dippers.

THE pictures of Southern life drawn by Northern pens and pencils are generally treated by the lovers of the rebellion as exaggerations. We give in this number a picture of the Snuff Dippers, drawn by a German officer on the Staff of Gen. Bragg.

Nothing can be more surprising than to see young women whose position would lead one to expect refinement descending to so disgusting a practice as this snuff dipping, in which the plea of cleaning the teeth is the sorry pretext for the desired use of the narcotic plant. This mode of using tobacco, in preference to chewing or smoking, seems peculiar to our Southern States, but might occasionally be cured by a full account of the mode in which snuff is prepared.

THE TERRIBLE CALAMITY AT SAN-TIAGO DE CHILE.

WE gave in our last a fine and correct view of this fatal church from a photograph by Myshos. This week we give sketches of incidents in the horrid calamity from drawings by an American resident.

The pastor of the church at the time of the late fearful accident was the Señor Ugarte, who wished to close the ceremonies by lighting up the church in a manner entirely unprecedented. Over the high altar a figure of the Virgin, from Murillo's painting, was encircled by garlands, and thousands of other lights ran along the sides of the church and down the nave. It is said that many of these were camphene lamps, a madness hardly to be credited, unless we suppose great ignorance of its dangerous inflammability.

The church had filled 3,000 women, comprising the flower, the beauty and the fashion of the capital, had gathered there to hear a sermon from the talented Eyzaguirre, the historian of Chile, when the crescent of fire at the foot of the gigantic image of the Virgin over the high altar overpowered, and climbing up the main draperies and pasteboard devices to the wooden roof, rolled a torrent of flame.

The suddenness of the fire was awful. The dense mass of women, frightened out of their senses, numbers fainting, and all entangled by their long swelling dresses, rushed, as those who knew that death was at their heels, to the main door shown in our sketch; this soon became choked, and the small side doors opening into vestibules were also filled by those who fell and were trodden down in the frantic struggle for life. Fire was everywhere. Streaming along the wooden ceiling, it flung the camphene lamps hung in rows there among the struggling women.

Of the 3,000 persons within the pile, but 600 or 650 escaped, and most of them wounded, scorched and naked. The vast crowd became wedged together, and fainting with heat, terror and pressure, lost the ability to help themselves or second the efforts of those who risked their lives to save them. It was only by almost superhuman effort that some few were dragged from the tightly packed mass of human beings at the tardily opened outlets; and of those few, a great majority only lived a few hours.

The rescuers, approaching too nearly the dense mass of victims, were time and again seized by the outstretched hands of numbers, and only saved by their own desperate struggles, aided by their companions from behind. But who could withstand the imploring gestures of those who, upon the very threshold of salvation, saw a fearful, an agonizing death swiftly approaching?

Inside the church, and within a few steps of the main door, fronting upon the plaza, was a group of perhaps 300, from the white-haired and venerable women to the infant of tender years. On the right hand knelt a beautiful girl of some 17 years, as yet untouched by the eager flames that poured down from above, and by her side her sister and mother, locked in each other's arms, within the reach of those without, who ever and anon dashed recklessly through the scorching doorway, and ineffectually grasped the clothing or limbs of the nearest. Writhing with terror, the horrible group swayed to and fro, the weaker gradually sinking forward and falling, never to rise again, while the stronger battled with desperate energy to reach the saving hands that struggled as desperately to reach them. But all was in vain, and in an awfully brief space of time the wall of flame became impassable; the entire floor of the church was a sea of fire, fed by the clothing of the victims and intensified by the dropping lamps. The roof fell in; the towers followed; and the belfry, with an awful crash, fell across the doorway.

Heroic acts of sublime daring have not been wanting. Enduring gratitude has been excited in every Christian heart by the gallant efforts of Mr. Nelson, the Minister of the United States, his countrymen, Mr. Meigs, and several other foreigners. There were generous men who defied the fury of the flames to save lives, and some of these died martyrs to their noble hearts. An Englishman or an American, it is unknown which, was seen to rush through the flames, to seize in his powerful arms a lady, stride with her a little way, and then, with his hair in a blaze, and choked with smoke fall back into the volcano never to rise again. A young lady named Ovello, having in vain implored some bystanders to save her mother, rushed in, and shortly afterwards miraculously issued forth with her parent in her arms, saved. A young lady of the name of Solar, just before the smoke suffocated her, had the presence of mind to tie her handkerchief around her leg, so that her body might be recovered.

The terrible scene of removing the dead followed. Over 2,000 bodies were conveyed to the cemetery, nearly all so disfigured as to be beyond the powers of recognition. S. Nizaga was plunged in grief; some houses were closed, all within having fallen victims; thousands of others toward the loss of the found mother, the suffering daughters. Hundreds might have been saved but for the police who with sabres and bayonets prevented their approach. One American was badly wounded in his attempt, and saw a lady perish whom he might have rescued.

No similar calamity has been recorded; but it is a fearful lesson, not to be charged only on to all. We have our firemen, and a code of laws to prevent the erection of fire-traps. We compel tenement houses to have sufficient exits for escape, but what similar precautions is made for public buildings, churches and theatres? Some of our churches are at times crowded by thousands; we have museums, lecture halls, theatres, the entrance to which is only by a series of narrow stairways, that in case of fire, would be blood-baths, and renew the scene of Santiago, in spite of all our firemen.

A LEARNED young lady defines a thimble as a diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.



TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION AT SANTIAGO DE CHILE—INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH



WITH THE CONGREGATION WRAPPED IN FLAMES.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.

THE WIDOWED SWORD.

They have sent me the sword that my brave boy wore,

On the day of his young renown—
On the last red field, where his fate was sealed,
And the sun of his days went down.

Away with tears
That are blinding me so;
There is joy in his years,
Though his young head be low;
And I'll gaze with solemn delight evermore
On the sword that my brave boy wore.

'Twas for freedom and home that I gave him away,
Like the sons of his race of old;
And though, aged and gray, I am childless this day,
He is dearer a thousand-fold.

There's a glory above him
To hallow his name—
A land that will love him
Who died for its fame;

And a solace will shine, when my old heart is sore,
Round the sword that my brave boy wore.

All so noble, so true—how they stood, how they fell
In the battle, the plague, and the cold;
Oh, as bravely and well as o'er story could tell
Of the flowers of the heroes of old.

Like a sword through the foe
Was that fearful attack,
That so bright ere the blow
Came so bloodily back;

And foremost among them his colors he bore—
And here is the sword that my brave boy wore.

It was kind of his comrades, ye know not how kind;
It is more than Indies to me;
Ye know not how kind and how steadfast of mind
The soldier's sorrow can be.

They knew well how lonely—
How grievously wrong,
Is the heart that its only
Love loses so young;

And they closed his dark eye when the battle was o'er,
And sent his old father the sword that he wore.

THE GULF BETWEEN THEM.

BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS

(Continued from page 295.)

"Well, this was it. Mr. Mellen was—"
Oh they all knew about Mr. Mellen; he had been in business down town before that worthy old gentleman his uncle died, and left him so enormously rich that there was no guessing how many millions he was worth. Did they know his sister? Of course: what a sweet pretty creature she was! Strange that the old uncle forgot to make her an heiress. Left every thing to the brother, and she had nothing on earth but her beauty. But the bride, the bride, what about her?

"Well," said Mrs. Chase, coming out of this storm of whispers smiling and flushed, "there is no great mystery in the bride. Indeed, so far as she was concerned, every thing was rather commonplace—such people had been done up so often in romances that it was tiresome."

"You don't mean to say that she was that eternal governess who is continually travelling through magazines and marrying the rich young gentleman of the house?" cried a voice, almost out loud.

"No, no, nothing quite so bad as that," answered Mrs. Chase, with a low soothing "hush," and shaking her head till all the pink roses on her bonnet fluttered again. "She came from somewhere in New England. The father was thought to be a rich man. At any rate he gave her a splendid education, and travelled with her in Europe nearly two years, when she was quite a missish girl. He also educated her cousin, the young man who is to be groomsman, and gave him a handsome setting out in life; but when the father died there was nothing left—all his property mortgaged or something—at any rate Elizabeth never got a cent, and her cousin would have been poor as a church-mouse but for the few thousand dollars that had set him up in business. He wanted to make that over to her at once."

"Generous fellow!"
"You may well say that," continued Mrs. Chase, hushing down the enthusiasm of her friends with a wave of her white-gloved hand. "She would not take a cent of his money, but came here to the very school where she had been educated, and hired out as a teacher."

"Is it possible?"
"Dear me, how noble!"
"But how did she get acquainted with Mr. Mellen?" cried a third voice; "make haste, or they will be upon us before we know a word about it."

"His sister, Miss Elsie Mellen, was a pupil in the school. Their love for Miss Fuller was perfect infatuation. The brother worshipped her—sweet creature, who could help it!—and so the acquaintance began in the parlor of a boarding-school, and ends—hush, hush!"

There was a slight commotion at the door, followed by the soft rustling of silks and turning of heads. Then a gentleman of noble presence, calm and self-possessed, as if he were quite unconscious of all the eyes bent upon him, came slowly up the broad aisle with the object of all this conversation leaning on his arm.

Certainly the bride gave no evidence of her low estate in that rustling white silk, which shone like crusted snow through a sheen of tulle; or in the veil of Brussels lace that fell around her like a fabric of cobwebs overrun with frostwork; but she was

deathly pale, and seemed chilled through with fright. You could detect intense emotion from the shiver of the elematis spray, mingled with snowy roses, in her black hair; but otherwise she seemed quiet as marble.

Following close upon this noble pair, came a tall, loose-jointed young man, glowing with pride of the lovely creature on his arm; and, really, any thing more beautiful, in a material sense, could not well be imagined than that youthful bridesmaid. Like the stately girl who had passed before her, she moved in a cloud of shimmering white, with just enough of blue in the golden hair and on the bosom to match the violet of her eyes.

Once or twice Tom Fuller missed step as they were going up the aisle, when Elsie would make a pause, look ruefully at her gossamer skirts, and only seem relieved when her partner stumbled into place again. Then she followed the bride, her cheeks one glow of roses and smiles, dimpling her fresh, young mouth, as if she were the Queen of May approaching her throne.

The bridal pair knelt at the altar, and a solemn stillness fell upon that brilliant multitude as the vows which were to unite that man and woman for all time were uttered. Even Elsie looked on with earnest sadness in her eyes; and as for Tom—why, the noble-hearted fellow made a fool of himself; and was compelled to shake the tears surreptitiously from his eyes, before he dared to look up from the long survey he had been taking of his patent-leather boots.

It is almost frightful to remember how few moments it takes to bind immortal souls together in a union which may be for happiness, and, alas, may be for such misery as eternal bondage alone can give. The feeling of awe befitting that sacred place had scarcely settled on the gay assembly, when the altar was deserted, and Grantley Mellen led his wife out of the church. The chill had left her then. Agitation had brought a faint glow of color to her cheek, softened the mouth into its sweetest smile, and whenever the clear gray eyes were lifted, one could see the timid, shrinking happiness, which made their depths so misty and dark.

Grantley Mellen was a proud, somewhat stern man, and at the church-door he betrayed, in spite of himself, some annoyance at the *clat* which Mrs. Harrington had given to the affair, in spite of his express wishes. But whenever he looked into the lovely face at his side, or felt the clinging touch of her hand upon his arm, his face cleared and softened into an expression of such tenderness that its whole character was changed.

Elsie followed close, dexterously keeping her dress from under Tom's feet; indeed, she looked so lovely and fairy-like, that it made the awkwardness and embarrassment of her great, honest-hearted companion more apparent.

Tom Fuller knew that he appeared dreadfully out of place playing the part he did at this imposing ceremony, but he had never in all his life refused a request that Elizabeth made, and during the last three months, the mischievous sprite by his side had kept his blundering head in a state of such constant bewilderment, and so stirred every chord in his great, manly heart, that he would not have minded in the least if he had been stumbling over red hot ploughshares for the pleasure of walking with her.

The group had reached the porch and lingered there a moment, waiting for the carriages to draw up. The shadows were all gone from Grantley Mellen's face now; he bent his head and whispered a few words, that made Elizabeth's cheek glow into new beauty. Suddenly her glance wandered towards the crowd on the left—a sudden pallor swept the roses from her cheek—her hand closed convulsively on Mellen's arm; but in an instant, before even he had noticed her agitation, it had passed—she walked on to the carriage graceful and queen-like as ever.

Standing among the throng at which she had cast that one glance, stood the man who had rescued her from danger only a few days before. He was gazing eagerly into the faces of the newly made husband and wife, with an expression upon his features which it was not easy to understand. But after that quick look, Elizabeth never again turned her head, and the stranger shrank back among the crowd and disappeared.

The guests were gathered about the sumptuous table which Mrs. Harrington had prepared, and the fair widow herself, in a dress which would have been youthful even for Elsie, was in a state of flutter and excitement which baffles description.

She was gay and coquettish as a girl of sixteen, but there was enough of real kindness in her character to make those who knew her forgive these airs and graces, and the little delusion under which she labored that thirty-five could be dressed to look like eighteen.

I doubt if there ever was a wedding reception that did not prove a somewhat dull affair, and though this was as nearly an exception as possible, Mellen seized the first opportunity to whisper to Elizabeth that it was time to prepare for their departure.

"And so I shan't see you for a whole week," said Tom Fuller, ruefully, as he accompanied Elsie out of the room; as she followed Elizabeth up stairs to change her dress. "What shall I do with myself all that time?"

"A whole week!" repeated she, laughing merrily; "it's quite dreadful to contemplate—I only hope you won't die."

"Oh, you are laughing at me," said Tom, heaving a sigh that was a perfect blast of grief.

"How can you fancy that?" cried Elsie; "I thought I was showing great sympathy."

"You always do laugh at me," urged Tom, "and it's downright cruel! I know I am awkward, and always do the wrong thing at the wrong moment, but you needn't be so hard on a fellow."

"There, there!" said Elsie, patting his arm as she might have smoothed a great Newfoundland dog; "don't quarrel with me now! Next week you are coming down to Piney Cove, and you shall see how nicely I will entertain you."

"Shall you be glad to see me—really glad?" pleaded Tom, red to the very temples.

"Oh, of course," cried she, laughing; "you are a sort of cousin now—it will be my duty, you know."

She danced away, leaving him to pull his white glove in a perplexed sort of way, by no means certain that he was satisfied with being considered a relation, and treated in this cavalier manner.

Mrs. Harrington had run up stairs for an instant, and stopped Mellen and his bride on the landing for a few last words.

"I hope you are satisfied, Grantley," she said; "I have done my best; I do hope you are pleased."

"My dear friend, every thing has been perfect," he answered.

"I can't thank you for all your kindness to me," Elizabeth said, holding out her hand; "but believe me, I feel it deeply."

"My dear, don't speak of it! Grantley and Elsie are like relatives to me," cried Mrs. Harrington, "and I love you so much already! You looked so lovely—what a mercy we came off so well from our fright—"

"There is no time for pretty speeches," broke in Elsie, giving her a warning glance, and pulling Elizabeth towards their dressing-room; "go back to your guests, Mary Harrington."

But Mellen stood still after they had entered the chamber, and detained Mrs. Harrington.

"What fright?" he demanded; "what did you mean?"

She was too thoroughly confused to remember her promise.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" she said; "I have sold the horses, so it doesn't make any difference."

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Have you had an accident?"

"No, no; the gentleman saved us—such a splendid creature! But it was so odd. The moment Elizabeth looked in his face she fainted dead away—courageous as a lion till then—just like a novel, you know. But she said she never saw him before; it was really quite interesting."

Grantley Mellen turned suddenly pale; doubt and suspicion had been his familiar demons for years, and it never required more than a word or look to call them up.

He controlled himself sufficiently to speak with calmness, and Mrs. Harrington was not observant; but he did not permit her to return to her guests until he had heard the whole story.

"Don't mention it," she entreated; "I promised Elizabeth not to tell; she thought you would be frightened, and perhaps displeased."

Mrs. Harrington hurried down stairs, and Mellen passed on to the chamber which had been appropriated for his use. But his face had not recovered its serenity, and Master Dolf, who presided over his toilet, did not at all approve of such gravity on a man's wedding-day—having drunk quite champagne enough in the kitchen to feel in as exuberant spirits as were desirable himself.

The leave-takings were over; Tom Fuller had given his last tempestuous sigh as Mellen drove off with his sister and his bride towards the home where they were to begin their new life.

The journey was not a long one; the swift train bore them for a couple of hours along one of the Long Island railroads, then they left it at a way station, where a carriage waited to carry them to the quiet old house in which they were to spend the honeymoon.

There was to be no journey, both Mellen and Elizabeth wished to go quietly to the beautiful spot which was to be their future home, and spend the first weeks of their happiness in complete seclusion.

The drive was a charming one, and the brightness of the Spring day would have chased even a deeper gloom from Mellen's mind than the shadow which Mrs. Harrington's careless words had brought over it.

From the eminence along which the road wound, they caught occasional glimpses of the silvery beach and the long sparkling line of ocean beyond; then a sudden descent would shut them out, and they drove through beautiful groves with pleasant homesteads peeping through the trees, and distant villages nestled like flocks of birds in the golden distance.

The apple-trees were in blossom, and the breeze was laden with their delicious fragrance; the grass in the pastures wore its freshest green, the young grain was sprouting in the fields, troops of robins and thrushes darted about, filling the air with melody, and over all the blue sky looked down, flecked with its white, fleecy clouds; the sunlight played warm and beautiful about the way, and through the early loveliness of the season, the married pair drove on towards their new life.

They came out full upon the ocean at a sudden curve in the road, and Elizabeth, unacquainted with the scene, uttered an exclamation of wonder at its loveliness.

Below them stretched a crescent-shaped bay, with a line of woodland running far out into the sea; away to the right, at the extremity of the bay, a little village peeped out, picturesque dwellings were dotted here and there, giving a home look to the whole scene. At the end of the shady avenue into which they had turned, the tall roofs and stately towers of the Piney Cove mansion were visible through the trees.

"The dear old house!" cried Elsie, clapping her hands. "The dear old house!"

Grantley Mellen was watching his wife, and a pleased smile lighted his face when he saw how thoroughly she appreciated the beauty of the place. He did not speak, but clasped her hand gently in

his, and held it, while Elsie uttered her wild exclamations of delight. They drove up to the entrance of the house.

"Welcome home!" exclaimed Mellen, as he lifted his wife from the carriage and conducted her up the steps, Elsie following, and the servants pressing forward with their congratulations, headed by Clorinda, so that for the first few moments, Elizabeth was conscious of nothing but a pleasant confusion.

From the hall where they stood, she could look on the ocean; the grounds sloping down to the water's edge in a closely shaven lawn, broken by stately old trees and blossoming flower-beds. The view so charmed her with its loveliness, that at first she hardly heeded the magnificence of the different apartments through which they led her.

There were quaint, shadowy old rooms, full of odd nooks and corners, and heavy with antique furniture, where one could idle away a morning so pleasantly; and in the modern portion of the dwelling, a long suite of drawing-rooms, with a ball-room beyond, which had been fitted up with every luxury that wealth and refined taste could devise.

"Be happy," Grantley Mellen whispered, when his wife tried to find words to express her delight. "Be happy—let me have peace and rest—it is all I ask."

He looked in her face, eager for the smiling surprise which he had expected to find there. It was pale as death.

CHAPTER V.

Elsie took Elizabeth up the broad flight of steps which led from the hall, and conducted her to the suite of rooms that had been prepared for her reception. "I had them arranged close to my little nest," she said, "because I knew Grantley would never be content unless I was within call. I hope you like them, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth answered that they were beautiful, as indeed they were. But it was a grand, lonely splendor that she looked upon, which almost chilled her. The chamber was large and richly furnished. Every thing was massive and costly. The carpet soft as a flower-bed and as brilliant in tints. Wherever she turned, her eyes fell on exquisite carvings reflected by limpid mirrors; curtains of richly tinted satin shut out an imperfect view of the ocean, and Elizabeth could not help remarking that the principal windows faced northward, away from the bloom and glory of the grounds. Even her dressing-room, which was in one of the octagon towers, looked out on the only barren spot in view—a storm-beaten grove of cedars that stood, ragged and bristling with dead limbs, on the beach.

Spite of herself, Elizabeth was chilled. She loved the morning sunshine like a worshipper, and felt as if all the grandeur which surrounded her was shutting it out from her own portion of this new home.

"Did Mr. Mellen do this?" she asked in a faltering voice. "Was it his taste?"

"Dear me, not at all," answered Elsie. "He exhausted himself in fitting up my snuggeries. The rest was left to me. I had *carte blanche*, you know, as to money; and it was splendid fun going about and ordering things. Don't you remember how much I used to be away from school?"

Elizabeth smiled, and made an effort to appear thankful and pleased.

"See what close neighbors we are," said Elsie, lifting a curtain that seemed to drape a window, but revealing a door which she pushed open.

Elizabeth stepped forward, and in contrast with the rich gloom of her own chamber, saw a suite of the brightest, sunniest rooms, that ever a capricious beauty inhabited.

The dressing-room which she entered, was hung with bright, cerulean blue, overrun with what seemed to be a delicate pattern of point-lace. The carpet was thick, soft, and almost as white as ermine, with a tangled vine of golden water-lilies and broad, green leaves running over it, as if the water they grew in had been crusted with snow, and the blossoms, soft, fresh, and bright, upon the surface. The couch, easy-chair, and general furniture, were of polished satin-wood, cushioned with delicate azure silk, shot and starred with silver. A luxurious number of silken cushions lay upon the couch, chairs, and even on the floor; for two or three were heaped against the pedestal, on which a basket of flowers stood, and upon them lay a guitar, with its broad, blue ribbon hanging loose. Every table was loaded with some exquisitely feminine object of use or beauty, till the very profusion was oppressive, light and graceful as every thing was.

Two of the windows were open, and their lace curtains held back, one by a marble Hebe that mingled her cold stone flowers with the lace; the other by a Bacchante, whose garland of snow-white grapes was seen dimly through the transparent folds it gathered away from the glass.

Through these open windows came glimpses of the flower-garden, green slopes on the lawn, and farther off the wind swept up perfumes from a distant orchard, and sifted it almost imperceptibly through the delicate net-work of the curtains. Back of this boudoir was a bed-chamber, and beyond that a dressing-room. Elizabeth could see through the open door a bed with hangings of blue and white, with all the objects of luxury which could please the taste of a pampered and fanciful girl.

"Grantley chose these rooms for me long ago, before he went to Europe," said Elsie, looking around with quiet complacency. "He would not hear of my giving them up; besides I knew you would like something a little darker and more stately," she said. "Are you pleased with the house, Basie?"

"Very, very much. I did not expect any thing so magnificent," she answered. "It overpowers me."

"I had not seen it for years," said Elsie, "till I came down with Grant to decide about the new furniture. Now you must be happy here. You ought to be! Just contrast this place with that old barn of a school; it makes one shudder to think of it! You must be happy, Bessie, for I hate discontented people."

"I trust so, dear; I believe so; we shall all be happy."

"Oh, you can't help it," pursued Elsie; "Grant is always a darling! But you must love and pet me, you know, just as he does."

"You exacting little thing!" said Elizabeth, lightly. "Yes, but you must," she urged; "you never would have had all this but for me."

"No," murmured Elizabeth; "I should never have known Grantley but for you."

"I told him the moment he came back from Europe just what I had set my heart on," pursued Elsie, shaking her curls about, and chattering in her careless, graceful way. "I said I loved you like a sister, and I should die if I was separated from you. That settled it."

Elizabeth had rested herself in a low chair, with her back towards the window; she looked up quickly at Elsie's words.

"Settled it?" she repeated, in an inquiring way.

"Yes, exactly!"

Elsie flung herself on the carpet at her sister's feet, and caught one of her hands, playing with the rings on the delicate fingers, in her caressing fashion.

"How do you mean?" asked Elizabeth, quietly, though there was a sudden change in her face which might have struck Elsie could she have seen it. "Settled it; how do you mean?"

"Why he never had refused me any thing in all his life," said Elsie; "it was not likely he would begin so late! Nobody ever does refuse me any thing; now, remember that, Bessie."

"Yes, dear! So you told Grantley you were very fond of me—"

"And that I wanted him to marry you—of course I did."

It was only Elsie's childish nonsense; Elizabeth felt how foolish it was to heed it, and yet she could not repress her desire to question further.

"That was when he first came home, Elsie?"

"Yes; I had written him all sorts of things about you; and you remember when he came to the school to visit me, how I made you go down without telling you who was there?"

"Yes—I remember."

"He praised you very highly, and I told him what a dear you were; how good you had been to me in my sickness, and how sad it was for you to have lost all your fortune and be obliged to teach."

The color slightly deepened on Elizabeth's cheek; it was possible that in the beginning Grantley Mellen had been interested in her from a feeling of pity and commiseration?

Her engagement had been a brief one; during it, the days had passed in a constant whirl of excitement and happiness, and she had found little time to question or reflect: up to the last days there had been no shadow on her enjoyment—she had resolutely swept aside every thing but her deep joy.

But it was strange that in the very first hours of her married life this conversation with Elsie should come up. She knew it was only the girl's heedlessness and pretty egotism that made her talk so, she was sure of that; still her nature was too proud and self-reliant, for the idea that Mellen had been first attracted towards her from sympathy at her lonely condition, to be at all pleasant.

But Elsie was going on with her careless revelations, playing with the rings which Mellen had put one after another on those delicate fingers during their engagement, making each one precious with kisses and loving words.

"So, when I saw how sorry he was for you, I knew that I should have my own way. I longed to see this dear old house open once more; it had been given up to the servants ever since he hurried off to Europe; and I wanted you for my companion always, you darling."

"It was fortunate for your wishes that Grantley's heart inclined him in the direction you had marked out," said Elizabeth.

"Oh," exclaimed Elsie, with hasty recklessness, and her usual want of thought, "Grant had no heart to give anybody; all his love was centred on me; after the experience he had years ago, I don't suppose he could ever love any woman again—he is just that odd sort of character."

Elizabeth gave no sign of the blow which had struck her; she drew her hand away from Elsie, lest its sudden coldness should rouse some suspicion of the truth in the girl's mind, and asked in a singularly quiet voice—

"What experience, Elsie?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to say that," she replied; "I am always letting things out by mistake; Grant would be really angry with me; don't ever mention it to him."

"I will not; but what experience has he had that prevents his giving his heart even to his own wife?"

"Dear me, I oughtn't to tell you; but you'd surely find it out some time; only promise me not to open your lips."

"I promise," replied Elizabeth, a cold, gray shadow settling over her face, out of which every trace of bloom had faded.

"He had a friend whom he was very, very fond of," pursued Elsie, "and he was engaged to be married to the bargain. This friend treated him dreadfully—ran off with the girl Grant loved, and cheated him out of a great deal of money—money that he could not afford to lose, for he was not rich then. Grant was nearly mad. I was a little thing, but I remember it perfectly. When his uncle died he sent me to school, and he started to Europe; he has been there all these four long years."

And of all this grief, this disappointment, he had

never told her one word. Elsie spoke the truth—he had married her that his sister might have a companion, and his house a mistress.

A prouder woman than Elizabeth Mellen never existed; and there she sat while her brief dream of happiness fell crushed and broken at her feet under this revelation.

"There," cried Elsie, "that's all, so don't ever think about the thing again. What a fortunate creature you are! how happy we shall be, shan't we, dear?"

She tried to throw her arms about Elizabeth in her demonstrative way, but the woman rose quickly, pushing Elsie back.

"It is time to dress," she said; "I am going to my room."

She passed into her chamber with that dreary chill at her heart which, it seemed to her, would never leave it again; that fearful pang of humiliation and self-abasement in her soul, which would grow stronger with every proof of kindness that her husband could give.

No love—no heart to give her under all his goodness and attention. She kept repeating such words to herself—they would never cease to ring in her ears—there could be no pleasure so entrancing that they would not mar it by their whisper—no grief so deep that they would not torture her by the recollection that she was powerless to comfort or aid the man who had made her his wife.

But she would bear it all in silence; hers was one of those deep, reticent natures which could resolve on a painful thing and carry out her determination to the very end. She would weary him with no sign of affection—some of the playful exactions of a young wife which are so pleasant to a loving husband. That was the first thought upon which she settled, even while this earliest whirl of pain and tremble made her head dizzy and her heart so sick.

She heard Elsie's voice ringing out in a gay song: she went mechanically on with her dressing, hearing that merry song in the midst of her bewildering thoughts like a careless mockery.

If she could have sat down in the midst of her new life, and died without further trouble or pain—that became her one thought! If they could enter the room and find her dead, they might feel regret for a time, but very soon even her memory would pass away from that old house, and out of their hearts, where she had so shallow a resting-place, and in the grave she should find quiet.

Then Elsie came dancing in, and exclaimed—

"Oh, you are dressed! I hear Grant on the stairs. May I open the door?"

Elizabeth was perfectly quiet and composed, but the change in her manner would have been apparent to any one less self-engrossed than Elsie.

"Open it," she answered; "I am ready."

Grantley Mellen entered the room, and led them both away down stairs; but he felt the sudden tremor in his young wife's hand, the sort of shrinking from his side, and his suspicious mind caught fire instantly. He noted every change in her face, every sad inflexion in her voice, and at once there came back to him the conversation he had held with Mrs. Harrington.

Could Elizabeth have known this man? Was there a secret in her past of which he was ignorant? The bare idea made his head reel, but though he might banish it from his mind for a season, the slightest recurrence would bring it back to torture him with an inexplicable fear and dread.

So their new life began with this shadow upon it—a shadow imperceptible to all lookers on, but lying cold and dim on their hearts nevertheless, to slowly gather substance day by day till it should become a chill, heavy mist, through which their two souls could not look out at one another.

CHAPTER VI.

GRANTLEY MELLEN was still a young man, only thirty-three, though the natural gravity of his character, increased by certain events in his life, made him appear somewhat older.

His father had died many years before, and an uncle had left him in the possession of a fine property, which had increased in value, till he was now a very wealthy man.

His mother died when Elsie was a girl of about fourteen, and on her death-bed Grantley Mellen had promised to act the part of parent as well as brother to the young girl. He had never once wavered in his trust, and the love and tenderness he displayed towards her were beautiful and touching to witness.

He was never suspicious, never severe with her, though these were the worst failings of his character. Elsie was to be treated as a child; to be petted, and indulged, and allowed to live in the sunshine, whatever else might befall others.

Although her health was good, she had always been rather delicate in appearance, and that made him more careful of her. He was haunted with the fear that she was to fade under their family scourge, consumption, though in reality she was one of those frail-looking creatures, who are all nerves—nerves, too, as elastic as well-tempered steel; and who always outlive the people who have watched them so carefully.

It was true Grantley Mellen had met with a humiliating disappointment in his early youth, which had embittered all his after years, and increased the natural jealousy of his disposition almost to a monomania. These were the facts of his history.

He had a college friend of his own age, whom from boyhood he had loved with all the strength and passion which made the undercurrent of his grave, reserved character. He had helped this young man in every way—befriended him in college, started him in the world after, been to him what few brothers ever are.

The time came when Mellen found the realization

of those dreams which fill every youthful soul: he loved, with all the fire and intensity of a first passion. His friend was made the confidant of this love; he shared Mellen's every thought, and seemed heartily to sympathize with his feelings.

It is an old story, so I need not dwell upon it. Both friend and betrothed wife proved false. There came a day when Grantley Mellen found himself alone with a terrible misery, with no faith left in humanity to give a ray of light in the darkness.

The friend whom he had trusted eloped with his affianced bride, and cheated him out of a large sum of money. With that sudden treachery and his bitter grief, Mellen's youth ended.

He left Elsie at school and went away to Europe, wandering about for years, and growing more saddened and misanthropic all the while.

He returned at last. Elsie was sixteen then. She had a school-friend, to whom she had been greatly attached; a girl older than herself, and so different in every respect, that it was a wonder Elsie's volatile character had been attracted towards her, or that her liking had been reciprocated.

This was the state of events when Mellen returned from Europe. Elsie's account of her interested him in the unfortunate girl. When he made her acquaintance, that sympathy deepened into a feeling which he had never thought to have for any woman again—he loved her.

It was a restless, craving affection, which threatened great trouble both to himself and its object. He had no cause for jealousy, but his suspicious mind was always on the alert—he was jealous even of her friends, her favorite studies—he wanted every look and thought his own, and yet he was too proud to betray these feelings.

Elizabeth's character was not one easy to understand, nor shall I enter into its details here. The progress of my story must show her as she really was, and leave you to judge for yourselves concerning it, and the effect it had upon her life.

She was singularly reticent and reserved, but impetuous and warm-hearted beyond any thing that the man who loved her dreamed of. He saw her gay, brilliant, fond of society, yet apparently content with the quiet life he was determined to lead. Still there was something wanting. He felt in the depths of his heart that he was not master of her whole being. That sometimes his very kisses seemed frozen on his lips, and that she turned from his protestations of love with sad smiles, that seemed mocking him. And she, alas, the woman who believes herself unloved by her husband, is always in danger—always unhappy.

The first weeks of the quiet honeymoon had passed, and Tom Fuller was able to gratify the chief desire of his honest soul, and rush down to the island to bewilder himself more hopelessly in the spell of Elsie's fascinations, like a great foolish moth whirling about a dazzling light.

She had never scrupled to laugh at him and his devotion, even to Elizabeth herself, but just now she was not sorry to see him. The stillness of the house and the seclusion of those weeks was not at all in unison with her taste, and she was already regretting that Mellen had not allowed her to accept Mrs. Harrington's invitation to remain with her during the first period of that dreary honeymoon.

Mellen and Elsie were standing on the porch when Fuller drove up to the house, and dashed in upon them with such an outpouring of confusion and delight that it might have softened anybody towards him.

"I couldn't stop away another day," he cried, wringing Mellen's hand till it ached for half an hour after.

"We are very glad to see you," replied Mellen; "very glad."

"I am much obliged, I'm sure," exclaimed Tom, "and you're just a trump, that's the truth."

"I suppose that's the reason you keep him so carefully in your hand," interposed Elsie, laughing.

Tom was instantly covered with confusion, and let Mellen's hand drop. He knew there was a joke somewhere, but for the life of him he could not see it.

"You are beginning to laugh at me before you have even said 'How do you do?'" cried he, ruefully.

"And am I not to laugh at you if I please?" exclaimed Elsie. "Shake hands, you cross-grained old thing, and don't begin to quarrel the moment we meet."

Tom blushed like a girl while he bent over the little hand she laid in his, holding it carefully, and looking down on it with a sort of delighted wonder, as if it had been some rare rose-tinted shell that would break at the slightest touch.

But Mellen was not looking at them; he stood there wondering if this man could have been of any consequence in Elizabeth's past. Could she have loved him, and been prevented from marrying him by the want of fortune on both sides? No, it was impossible; he felt, he knew that it was so; but the idea would come into his mind nevertheless.

"When you have done examining my hand, Mr. Tom Fuller, please give it back," said Elsie. "It don't amount to much, but, as the Scotchwoman observed of her clergyman's head, 'it's some good to the owner.'"

Tom dropped it as if the pink fingers had burned his palm.

"I'm always the awkwardest fellow alive!" cried he, diamally. "And how is Bessie, dear girl?"

Mellen roused himself.

"I will call her," he said; "she is quite well, and will be delighted to see you."

He went into the house in search of his wife, and Elsie began to tease her unfortunate victim, a pastime of which she never wearied. It seemed to her the funniest thing in the world to make that great creature blush and stammer, to lead him on to do all sorts of absurd things, to laugh at him, to be-

wilder his honest head; and as for any pain that he might suffer, she never considered it any more than she did the sorrows of a Feejee Islander, or the chirp of her canary.

"Have you come down here prepared to be agreeable?" she asked. "Remember, I expect you to be completely at my service—to wait on me like the most devoted of knights."

"I'd stand on my head if you asked it," shouted Tom, impetuously.

"How deliciously odd you would look!" cried Elsie; "you shall try it some day; I only hope it won't leave you with a brain fever."

"You may tease me as much as you like," said Tom, "if you'll only say you are glad to see me."

"Oh, you will be an invaluable resource," replied Elsie; "I was getting bored with watching other people's love-making. Can you row a boat and teach me to play billiards, and be generally nice and useful?"

"Just try me, that's all!" said Tom.

"Don't be afraid that I shall put you to every use possible; you may be quite certain that your position will not be a sinecure."

"Then you'll make me the happiest fellow alive!"

"You don't know what you are saying; you don't know what your words mean," cried Elsie, with one of her bewildering glances.

"Indeed I do! Oh, Miss Elsie, if you only could—"

"Here is Bessie," she interrupted, as her sister came out on the portico, followed by Mellen.

Elizabeth was rejoiced to see honest Tom; he was the only relative she possessed, and she loved him like a brother. She was thoroughly acquainted with his character, and honored him for the sterling goodness which lay back of the eccentricities of manner which made him so open to laughter and misconception.

"I'm so glad to see you!" cried Tom, shaking hands all round again, and growing redder and redder, to Elsie's intense delight. "I've been like a fish out of water since you all came away; I just begin to feel like myself again. Bessie, old girl, are you glad to see me?"

"We shall always be glad to see you, Tom," Elizabeth said, glancing at her husband.

"Indeed we shall," he said; "you will always find a room at your service, and a sincere welcome."

No, Elizabeth never could have cared for him—the idea was simply absurd—he would never think of it again, never!

"I can't tell you how much obliged I am," said Tom, twisting about as if his joints were out of order, and he was trying to set them straight.

"Your chamber is ready," said Elizabeth; "we expected you to-day."

"He doesn't need to go up now," interposed Elsie; "that checked coat is bewitching, and he is going to take me out to row. Come along, Don Quixote—come this instant!"

She ran off, and he followed, obediently as a great Newfoundland dog.

Elizabeth looked after them a little sadly, and smothered a sigh of anxiety. She saw what Elsie was so heedlessly doing, and knew Tom well enough to understand how acute his sufferings would be when he was roused from his entrancing dream.

So things went on during the whole time of his stay, and there was no help for it. Elsie made him a perfect slave, and Tom no more thought of disputing her wildest caprice, than if he had been some untutored fawn, made captive to the spells of a Dryad.

Elsie saw plainly enough that he loved her, but she regarded that part of the affair very lightly. She was accustomed to being loved and petted—it was her right. The idea that it could be cruel or unprincipled to encourage this young fellow as she did, never entered her head. Indeed, if the misery she was bringing upon him had been pointed out to her, she would only have laughed at it as a capital jest.

When Tom Fuller went back to town, Elsie was taken with a strong desire to visit dear Mrs. Harrington. Tom was a sort of cousin, now, and would make a capital escort. Besides, she was sure Grantley and Elizabeth would be much happier alone. Perhaps Mellen thought so too. At any rate, he made no objections, and Elsie went.

The husband and wife were alone. The days were so pleasant—those long, golden, June days!—they might have been so happy in the solitude of that beautiful spot, but for the chasm which lay between their souls, scarcely perceptible as yet, but widening every hour!

Elizabeth watched her husband incessantly. She tortured every evidence of affection into a forced kindness, an attempt on his part to hide from her his want of love; he was trying to make all the atonement in his power, to give her every thing that could make life pleasant, except the place in his heart which was her right. How her soul revolted against the thought!

She was mortally hurt and grieved that he could have deceived her. If he had only spoken, only left her to decide whether she could be content to accept an outer place in his regard, to make his home happy, to guard and cherish his sister—if he had only left this decision in her hands, the matter would have worn a different aspect.

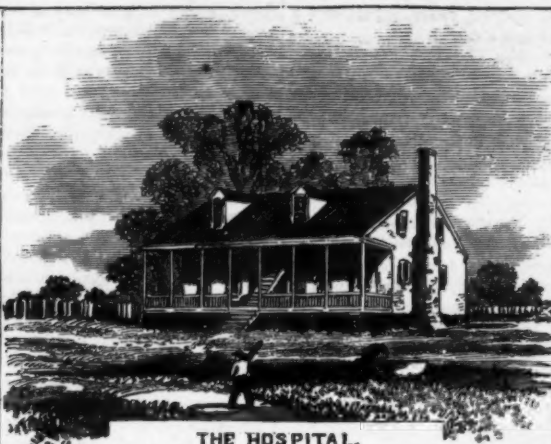
But that he should have been silent—that even now he should guard his secret, practising this daily deception, and meaning to let it lie between them all through life—was a never-ceasing thorn in her heart.

And Mellen, in turn, was watching her; watching her with that morbid suspicion which was the groundwork of his character. Observant of the change in her manner, and trying always to account for it, but only making himself restless and anxious to no purpose.

(To be continued.)



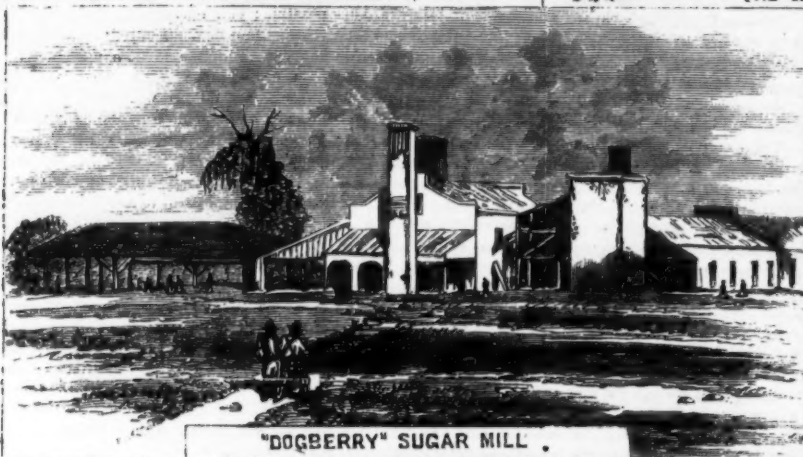
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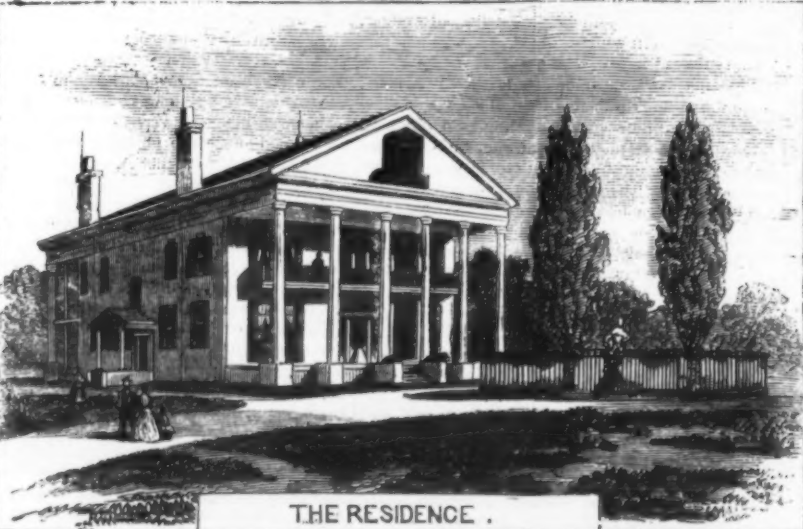
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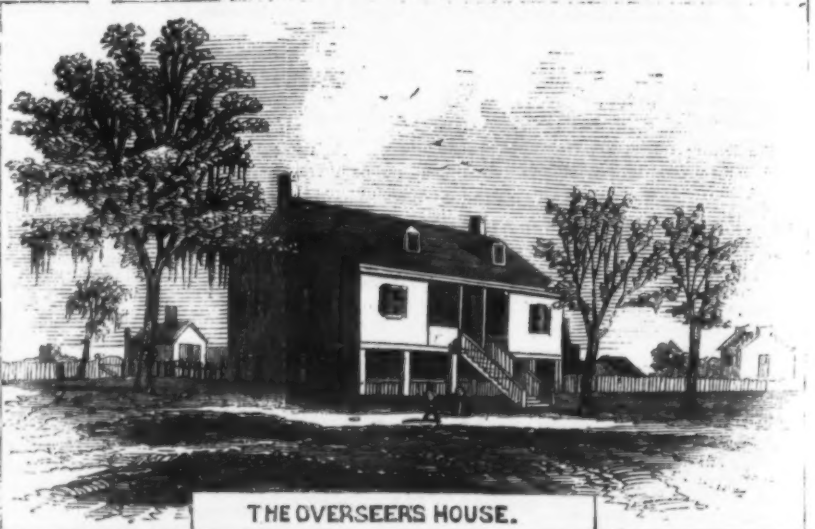
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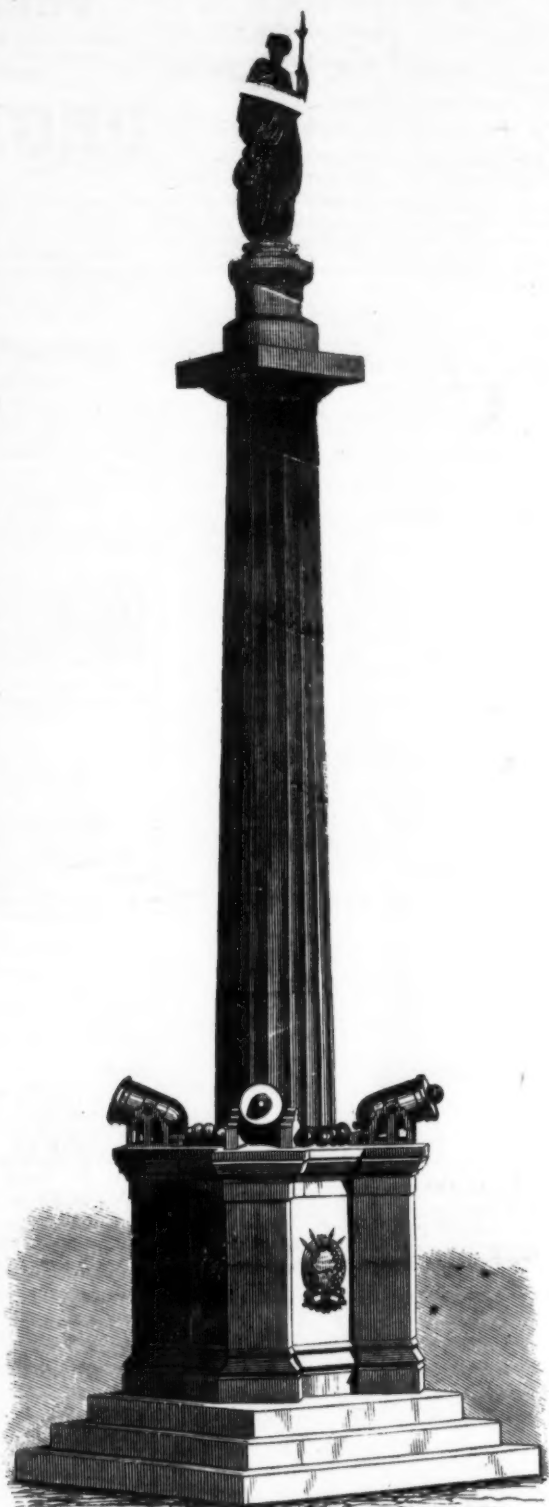
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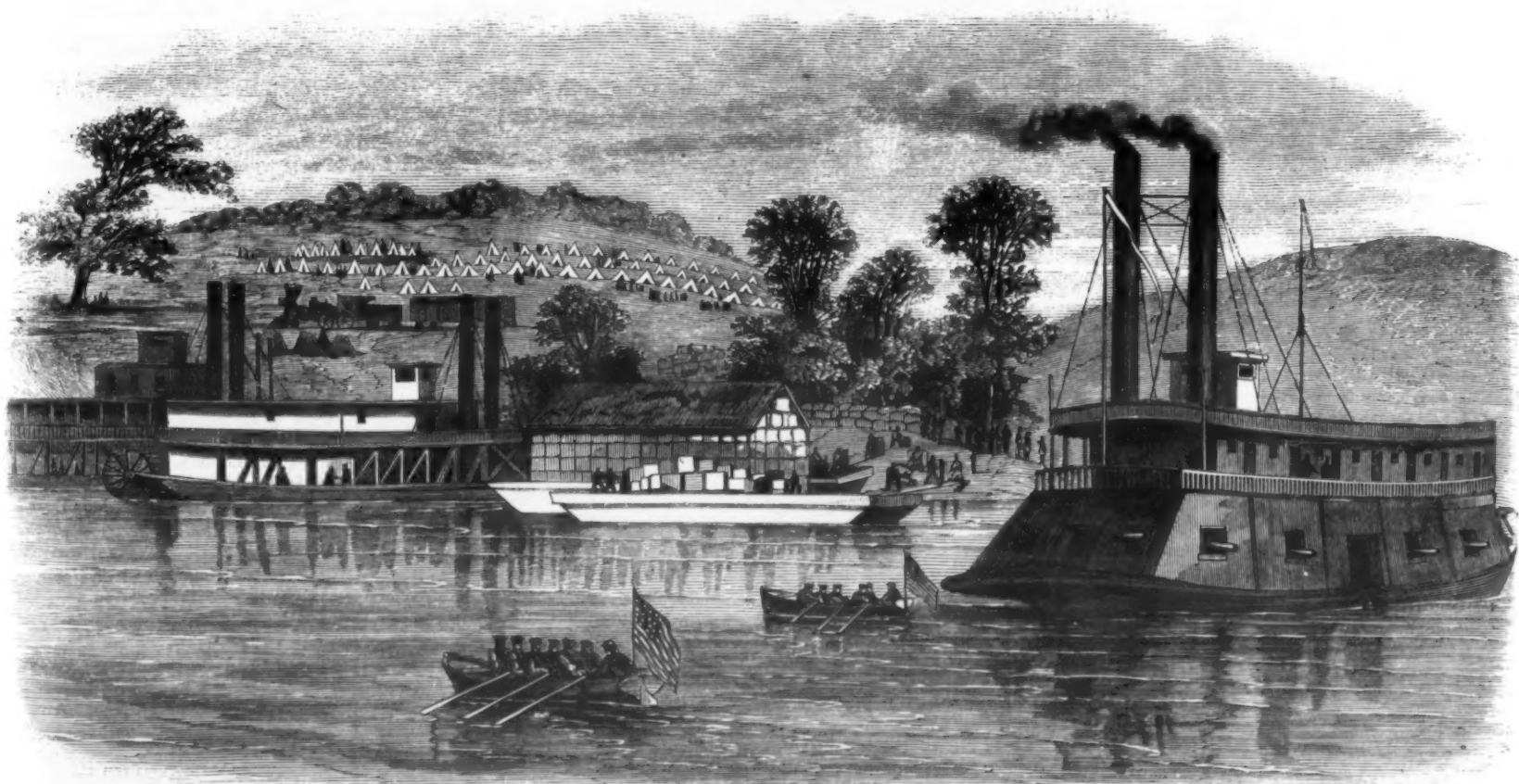
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 "Oh, I have taken a sedative."
 "I TELL you, wife, I have got the plan all in my head."
 "Ah, then it is all in a nutshell."

SOME women take such delight in scolding that it would be cruel not to give them occasion for it.
 THEY debate strange questions down East. The last was—"What is the difference between the Bridge of Sighs and the side of a bridge?" The next is to be—"The difference between a *fac simile* and a sick family."

"SAM" said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulders and arms; "but there is something deeper in you. You can feel it now. What is it?"
 "Oh, I know," said Sam, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt!"

An old darkey was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition. "You see," remarked Sambo, "it was in this way as far as I can remember: 'Fust, my fater died, and then my mother married agin; and den my mother died, and my fater agin; and, somehow, I doesn't seem to hab no parents at all, ner no home, nor nuffin.'"

OUR children will have the immense tax on their hands," said an American gentleman.
 "Oh, horrible!" exclaimed an elderly lady, "what a blessing it is we have nails on ours!"
 "TOMMY, what does b-e-n-c-h spell?"
 "Don't know, ma'am."
 "What—you little numskull—what are you sitting on?"

Tommy (looking sheepish)—"Don't like to tell."
 A YOUNG lady down East advertised for the young man who "embraced an opportunity," and says that if he will come over to their own town he can do better.

DEEPLY were we affected, on reading the other day of a young lady, who being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed:
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ALMOST every evil has its compensations. He who has but one foot never treads on his own toes.

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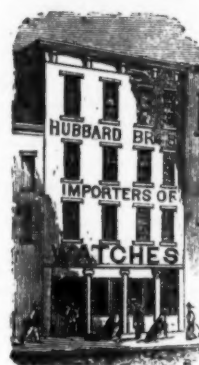
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